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FRANCE.

THE opening of the new Opera House was not destined to be the only sensation of the week at Paris. Marshal MACMAHON, having had his hour of pleasure, seems to have thought it time to attend to business, and on Wednesday sent a Message to the Assembly which led to a Ministerial defeat and a Ministerial crisis. The Message was, however, not really so successful as the opening of the Opera. This gorgeous building, which was intended to be one of the glories of the Empire, and which was conceived in the spirit of profuse magnificence that distinguished every Imperial undertaking before the failure of the Mexican expedition put the first check on extravagance, has been completed by other hands and under strangely unexpected circumstances. The building was so large, and in so forward a state, and so much money had been sunk in it, that it seemed foolish not to finish it even now that the Imperial dynasty is in exile, and that economy and retrenchment have become obligatory on France. The time at which it has happened to be finished has been a fortunate one. The opening of the Opera has been the great event of the Paris winter season, and the presence of numberless personages belonging more or less to the class of crowned heads, as well as of our own LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs, lent dignity and interest to the occasion. To invite the LORD MAYOR to represent England at the ceremony was a most happy thought. Foreigners have, to a great extent, invented the Lord Mayor, and they have a right to see and admire their own creation; and it very much increases the pleasure of showing a courtesy when those to whom the tribute is paid are precisely the people of all others to enjoy it thoroughly. In England, too, although the Lord Mayor is not perhaps to us the sublime and legendary being which he is to Parisians, the long and honourable traditions of the office invest him with an interest which we are glad to see recognized by a neighbouring capital. No city can approach Paris in the art of doing those things well which belong to the elegances rather than the greatness of life; and the opening of the Opera was carried out in the best Paris style. Parisians love shows of all kinds, and have a sort of vague and general wish to be under a Government that is sure to provide these. But they have also, unfortunately, an equally strong tendency to hate such Governments when they have got them; and if, on the opening night, the thought crossed many Parisian minds that to the Empire the Opera was due, and that under the Empire grand doings of all kinds would be likely to be always going on, the kindred thought must also have been present that to destroy an Empire was even more delightful than to establish it. The time has passed by when the solution of the difficulties of France could be found in a liberal provision of pretty sights for the Parisians.

The cares of government press heavily on Marshal MACMAHON, and, after much hesitation, he has at last taken a step which was not without hazard, but which he seems to have thought forced upon him by circumstances. He has personally told the Assembly what he wished it to do, and intimated in very unmistakable language that, if it refused to do what he wished, it must soon cease to exist. At first sight it might seem as if he might easily be content with doing nothing. He is at the head of affairs, and every one is content that he should be there; and if no one will organize his powers, he can use his powers perfectly well without their being organized. The Assembly will not vote Constitutional Laws;

but it votes ordinary laws; it lays on almost enough taxes; and if it often makes itself ridiculous, that does not do the PRESIDENT any harm. Besides, whatever may be the faults of the Assembly, it accomplishes two useful purposes. It gives a guarantee to the country that the Government shall pursue a policy which it dares to avow, and it makes the various parties fight out their quarrels in an arena where the vanquished do not suffer very severely. That a Provisional Government should not be too clearly defined seems a gain rather than a loss; for if its character is made clear and intelligible, it ceases to be provisional in so far as it fosters the expectation that what is to succeed it must be like it. Still, with all these excellent reasons for being content with things as they are, the MARSHAL is not content. He has subjected himself to a personal defeat rather than have his wish for organization remain any longer neglected. He must have some grounds for desiring so strongly a change which he cannot get the Assembly to make. In the first place, although he is on good terms with the Assembly just now, he may not be on such good terms with it a little while hence; and as he recognizes its sovereign powers in everything but the right to depose him, he might be reduced either to holding place without power, or to exercising power in defiance of the present or a future Assembly; and this is a danger against which he naturally, as he says in his Message, wishes to guard while there is yet time. In the next place, he may die, and it is his duty to think of the confusion which his death might cause. The most provisional of Governments cannot help wishing to know what the next Provisional Government will be like. But there can be little doubt that the consideration which most presses on the MARSHAL's mind is that he finds it impossible that his Provisional Government should be really provisional. A nation cannot go on for seven years without a notion of what is to happen when the seven years are over. Every party tries to make use of the interregnum for its own purposes. The MARSHAL must work with some set of people. He cannot avoid giving a preference. He wants assistance, and his assistants have ideas and plans of their own. He has made his choice, and, for the present at least, he has chosen the Orleanists. They best represent to him what he means by Conservatism. The Legitimists and Imperialists might suit him equally well under other circumstances, and he has many personal ties that bind him to both these parties. But the Orleanists, although they do not awaken much sympathy in France, are regarded with a milder antipathy than Legitimists or Imperialists. They can furnish him with plenty of men of station and ability to hold office. They have a large Parliamentary following. They alone of the monarchical parties have the advantage of having their specimens of royalty on the spot. Urged by his advisers, and prompted, no doubt, by his own convictions, Marshal MACMAHON has accordingly come forward suddenly, used his personal authority, and attempted half to win and half to threaten the Assembly into creating a Senate.

This creation of a Senate is the special device of the Orleanists. What is meant by a Senate is a body which during the existence of the Septennate shall be able to keep the Assembly in check, stop unwelcome laws being passed, act as the good friends and yet controllers of the PRESIDENT, govern when any crisis arises, and keep the machinery of administration in safe hands. Every Second Chamber, since France first tried to see what Second Chambers were like, has been the submissive ally or tool of the existing Government, and the only difference which a Senate would now present would be that it would be more directly asso-

ciated with the Government, and more a part of the Government, than it was allowed to be under preceding systems. Its members would be, perhaps, partly elected; but the institution would be useless unless either the elections were so managed that the elected would vote with the nominated members, or that the nominated members would have an infallible majority. With such a body at command, presided over, as it probably would be, by the Duke of AUMALE, able in conjunction with the PRESIDENT to dissolve at pleasure any future Assembly, ready in case of necessity to supply a vacancy in the office of President, and entitled in case of the PRESIDENT quarrelling openly with the Assembly to throw the cover of a sort of legality over his acts, the Orleanists might hope to turn the Septennate to their exclusive advantage. The device was too transparent. The MARSHAL was so obviously acting as the mouthpiece of the Orleanists that all the other parties voted against the proposal, and the majority was so overwhelming that the Ministry did not think it advisable to ask that the precise amount by which they were defeated should be recorded. Of course, as the MARSHAL himself had intervened, the real nature and object of the proposal could not be openly characterized. Proper respect for the MARSHAL forbade that he should be accused of having a wirepuller behind him. It was sufficient for the sake of that amount of argument which politeness demanded that M. LABOULAYE should point out the theoretical objections to making a Second Chamber, as it were, in the air, and without reference to other parts of the supreme authority. A Republican Senate would not suit a Monarchy, nor a Monarchical Senate a Republic, and to decide the character of the Senate was really to decide what Government should succeed the Septennate. The strange thing is that the Orleanist leaders should have hazarded a stroke the failure of which seemed so inevitable. Possibly they believed that the personal intervention of the MARSHAL would really impress the Assembly, and the prize at which they were aiming was so splendid that it was worth risking something to gain it. Possibly they foresaw a defeat, but believed that a defeat must be followed by a dissolution, and hoped that in the event of a dissolution they might be able to take advantage of the Assembly having appeared to thwart the MARSHAL in his efforts to give peace to France. Possibly, also, they may have wished to commit the MARSHAL by his open alliance with them, and then force him to confide to them the management of the next election. In deference to a theoretical system of Ministerial responsibility which the MARSHAL himself had just entirely repudiated, all the defeated Ministers resigned; and endless rumours have been floating as to who are likely to be their successors. If the MARSHAL and his advisers determine to let things go on quietly for a time, and if the questions of a Constitutional Law and of a Dissolution are allowed to sleep, it makes little difference how the Ministerial cards are shuffled; and the present Ministry, with a slight transformation for the sake of appearance, would do as well as any other. But, if the Duke of BROGLIE takes office with the avowed object of making the Assembly dissolve itself, the state of things will be very different; and whether the Orleanists are able to ride the storm or not, they may confidently rely on setting it in motion.

ALFONSO XII.

THE earlier accounts of the sudden accession of ALFONSO XII. produced an impression that, since the English Restoration, no change in the form of a national Government had been attended with satisfaction so universal. In the course of a day all resistance had disappeared. When the Army of the Centre had pronounced, the Army of the North, and even the Army of Cuba, mutinied by telegraph; and the adherents of ALFONSO who had been sent to prison in the morning formed themselves into a Regency in the afternoon. Spanish residents in Paris waited in Court costume on the young and lucky PRINCE; and it is even stated that the German Government which recognized Marshal SERRANO three months ago has already transferred its official acknowledgment to the KING. As the navy was not behind the army in extemporaneous loyalty, ALFONSO XII. will arrive in his dominions with a squadron of his own; and it is possible that he may bring as a gift to his subjects the restoration

of peace. Some of the Carlist leaders have already deserted their own Sovereign, assigning perhaps as a reason that they had hitherto fought against a Republic, and that they have no quarrel with Monarchy. It would be ungenerous to withhold good wishes from a royal youth who returns in triumph to the country from which he was driven into exile as a child. His education has perhaps been better than it would have been if Queen ISABELLA had remained on the throne; and his claims are strengthened by the practical demonstration which has occupied six years, that the remedy for misgovernment in Spain was not the deposition of a dynasty. The crown of which his mother was deprived went begging over Europe until one spirited Prince was tempted to accept an offer which he afterwards found to be a delusion. His abdication gave an opportunity to the Republicans to try their fortune, with the result of displaying their hopeless incapacity. SERRANO found himself unable to secure the attachment of the people or the confidence of the army; and, since the possibilities of revolution appear to be temporarily exhausted, the constitutional Monarchy is revived with the approval probably of all members of the respectable classes. There is no danger of the savage reaction which followed the restoration of FERDINAND VII., nor will his grandson attempt to make himself an absolute King. If he avoids all mistakes, and if he can secure the fidelity of his supporters and advisers, the unforeseen experiment may possibly succeed. Don ALFONSO has as good a title as Don CARLOS; and if the ancient law of Spain is to be preferred to the French rule of succession established in the time of PHILIP V., the grandson of FERDINAND VII. has a better right than the grandson of FERDINAND's brother. Legitimacy has no necessary connexion with the Salic law.

Notwithstanding the external cheerfulness of the young KING's prospects, his well-wishers must not be unduly sanguine. It is unlucky that the restoration should be effected when the Sovereign is still a boy. As it is impossible that at seventeen he can really direct the government, he must rely on soldiers and civilians who have hitherto not succeeded in giving peace and prosperity to Spain. CHARLES II. returned to England in accordance with the unanimous wish of the nation which had for some years submitted, against its will, to the dictation of the army. The revolution which places Don ALFONSO on the throne was exclusively effected by the army, and the creations of military politicians in Spain have not been durable. Startling changes have repeatedly occurred as if in regular celebration of an anniversary. Four years ago the arrival of King AMADEO coincided with the assassination of PRIM, and exactly a year before the proclamation of the restored Monarchy General PAVIA turned the Republican Cortes out of doors. It is understood that the first measure of the new reign will be the convocation of another Cortes, which will not fail to approve of a revolution in which the nation was never consulted. Of all the former Parliamentary parties only a section of the Moderates are pledged to the cause of ALFONSO; and SAGASTA, whose unpopularity perhaps accelerated the crisis, is himself a Moderate. It appears that ZOELLER, who is the leader of the Progressists, and CASTELAR, as representative of the Republicans, urged upon SAGASTA the expediency of anticipating the outbreak of the Alfonsist conspiracy by the dismissal of PRIMO DE RIVERA from the office of Captain-General of Madrid. The hesitation of the Minister was probably not the main cause of the success of a movement which depended wholly upon the army, but the fact remains that all the known leaders of parties are opposed to the restoration. Although they are powerless for the moment, they may perhaps hereafter find military allies to mutiny on their behalf against the established Government. Excuses for rebellion are never wanting in Spain; and the KING and his advisers will be accused of usurpation when they select among a score of recent Constitutions the particular string of formulas which may seem most convenient for the time. Among the Ministers are to be found followers of NARVAEZ, who of all recent Spanish rulers affected the least respect for popular liberty or Parliamentary government. It is announced that measures which have been, perhaps justly, obnoxious to the clergy, will be repealed, with the inevitable result of provoking strong excitement. For the present, the only newspapers allowed to appear are those which support the

restoration; and an indefinite interval may perhaps elapse before it is thought safe to abolish the restriction. Political opposition may perhaps be safely defied as long as the army is faithful; but the rival pretensions of ambitious generals will be a source of perpetual danger.

It is difficult to acquit SERRANO of timidity and rashness. He ought to have appointed a new and trustworthy Captain-General of Madrid before he took the command of the Northern army, which might perhaps have been faithful if the existing Government had retained power in the capital. SAGASTA, an astute and experienced politician, seems to have been unequal to the occasion, when he arrested the principal supporters of Don ALFONSO and yet left their military chief in command of the garrison. It is not known whether the statement that SERRANO was on the eve of a battle was invented in Madrid. The conspirators would probably, if they had believed the story, have been encouraged to persevere, and the inevitable disclosure of the fiction could only weaken the Government. The best excuse for the late Chief of the Executive Government and his Minister is that a more vigorous resistance would probably have been useless. ZORRILLA and CASTELAR appear to have shown a loyal desire to maintain the existing form of government; but a system which was not even titularly a Republic could excite little enthusiasm, and certainly could not in any case have effectually opposed the resolution of the army. Marshal SERRANO has now for the second time in less than two years found himself driven into exile, where he may reflect at his leisure on the difficulty of stopping a stone when it has been set rolling downhill. In half a century of revolutions the Spaniards have never attempted to make the best of existing conditions. The true remedy for the faults of an unsatisfactory King is to restrain his excesses, to maintain the public liberty against his encroachments, and in extreme cases to enforce abdication in favour of the legitimate successor. The Spanish plan is to upset the throne, with the result of erecting it again when alternative institutions have been found equally ephemeral.

It is not yet known who will for the present exercise the royal authority in the name of the KING. The Ministers are for the most part civilians who must depend for support on the chiefs of the army. Among the generals, PAVIA, who seems not to have taken an active part in the last revolution, has displayed at various times both military vigour and political resolution. A year ago he declined to take part in the Government which he had established, and PRIMO DE RIVERA seems for the present to have followed his example. There will be no difficulty in preserving public tranquillity at present, especially as all the hostile newspapers are suppressed. The election of the Cortes, though it will be managed on the ordinary principles so as to secure a Government majority, may not improbably be the beginning of trouble. Unless some of the old Parliamentary leaders prove to be open to conversion, it will be difficult to conduct business, especially if ZORRILLA and CASTELAR should succeed in obtaining seats. It may be taken for granted that SAGASTA, even if he is not denounced as a rebel, must in a few months' tenure of office have accumulated an amount of unpopularity which will exclude him from the Cortes. Even when Parliaments are docile, they amalgamate but awkwardly with an army. The young KING's advisers will probably avoid the repeated mistake of investing their Cortes with constituent powers. It will be a simpler and more practical arrangement to assume that any constitution which may best suit their purpose is already in force. Two new experiments tried within six years have been found wholly inoperative. It would be premature to form an opinion on the genuineness and the value of the enthusiasm with which the restoration may have been greeted. ALFONSO XII. is at present ostensibly opposed by all the political parties which have held power in Spain since the days of NARVAEZ and O'DONNELL; and at the same time he receives congratulations from the most opposite quarters. The German EMPEROR, the POPE, the head of the family of ORLEANS, and the Empress EUGÉNIE agree for once in the belief that the restoration is a triumph of the principles to which they are respectively attached. In each separate case it is easy to understand the process of reasoning by which so many actual or possible potentates have arrived at the same conclusion. The Emperor WILLIAM naturally prefers monarchies to republics; Don ALFONSO is nearly connected with the House of ORLEANS; his mother always maintained friendly relations with NAPOLEON III.;

and, finally, PIUS IX. may fairly hope that his godson, the heir of a devout dynasty, will do something for the Church. To appease the jealousy of so many hostile parties, and to satisfy expectations of so diverse a character, will not be an easy task.

MR. BRIGHT'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.

IT is announced that in a few days Mr. BRIGHT will visit Birmingham, and, if his strength permits, will address his constituents. It is a visit which may reasonably give pleasure to both parties. Birmingham has reason to be proud of Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. BRIGHT of Birmingham. No constituency could have been more faithful to a Liberal leader or to the Liberal party. It is the only constituency with a minority member which now returns members all of the same party; and all its members are not only Liberals, but Liberals of what is called an advanced type. Mr. BRIGHT once said that, whatever the scheme of representation might be, he could not conceive of Birmingham returning any one who was not a Liberal; and his remark seems justified by the total absence at Birmingham of anything parallel to the reaction which at Manchester has given to the Conservatives two seats, and shut the doors of Parliament on Mr. BRIGHT's brother. Nor is it easy to see how any constituency could have been more indulgent and forbearing to a member whose ill health has long prevented him from taking the part in public affairs which it seemed to belong to him to take. If Mr. BRIGHT was tolerably well, Birmingham was sincerely pleased, but if Mr. BRIGHT was ill, Birmingham could wait without a murmur until he got well. There is something honourable to both the member and the constituents in the long continuance of relations so harmonious, which may deserve to be taken into account when fickleness is ascribed to democracies. On the other hand, it is not often that a Liberal constituency has such a member as Mr. BRIGHT to represent it. He is in the front rank of English orators, and has formed a nervous and singularly clear style on the best models of pure English. He has taken up large questions and dealt with them in a way that was not without a greatness of its own. Often narrow in his range, intolerant in his judgments, and extravagant in his denunciations, he has still imported into his treatment of the subjects which really interested him an ardour, an earnestness, and an enthusiasm which have touched the hearts of more critical hearers than Birmingham electors. He has worked hard for the cause he took up. He gave his strength, his time, and his thoughts to effect what he believed to be high purposes. And, as he has got older, his general reputation has become too firmly established to be shaken even by the disasters of the party to which he belonged, and he has risen in popularity. No one who was once hated so much is now hated so little. He has made many enemies, but has kept few; and even those who differ from his opinions most widely own that in their way they admire him, and feel for him a sort of good-humoured and friendly regard.

The main cause of this general feeling towards Mr. BRIGHT is no doubt to be found in the generous impulse of Englishmen to be proud of their statesmen. They are not prone to admire beyond what is due respectable politicians of the second rank. They consider that such men have an adequate reward in the opportunity of leading a useful life, in the possession of some social distinction, and in the opportunity of seeking ultimately an honourable asylum in the House of Lords. But towards the few men who are undoubtedly something more than successful politicians, and who have stamped their impress on the generation to which they belong, Englishmen feel attracted by ties of permanent esteem which outlast the dissolvent forces of temporary strifes and party bitternesses. Here and there a persistent Conservative would vow with a sense of noble superiority that he does not think much of BRIGHT; but then he would say the same, if he dared, of Mr. DISRAELI. A nation is not, like a chain, to be judged of by its weakest parts, and the English nation as a whole has feelings towards the eminent men of all parties to which the minds of mere party men are impervious. But such popularity as Mr. BRIGHT enjoys is not solely to be attributed to general causes. Special influences have been at work to promote and increase it. One of the great defects in Mr. BRIGHT during the period when he was an active and aggressive politician

was that he could not figure to himself his opponents except under the disguise of abstract and imaginary classes. Those whom he asserted to belong to these classes exclaimed with natural indignation at the injustice that he thus did them. He built up the edifice of a theoretical class of landlords, all bloated aristocrats, all greedy for gain, all oppressors of the poor. The actual landlords of England who had lived among their tenants and labourers from childhood felt that they were nothing of the sort, and they execrated the name of the man who misrepresented them. But when the controversy of Protection had died away, when Mr. BRIGHT became a familiar member of the House, and when he came into contact with those who hated him, and whom he hated, the barriers between the adversaries were found to be slighter than had been expected. The same tendency of mind which made Mr. BRIGHT look on those to whom he was opposed as a class prompted him to separate the individuals whom he actually saw from the class to which he fancied they belonged. It was landlords generally, and not any of the particular men with many acres on either side of the House, who were to his mind the born spoilers of the poor. Although a member of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, he so far dissociated himself from his colleagues as not to give personal offence to any one. Even his complete failure as an administrator rather helped his popularity. It was known that he only accepted office at all because it was considered by his party that he ought to give the strength of his name to the Cabinet. There was nothing ridiculous in his failure to do a thing which he did not wish to do, and did simply to please others. He was like an elderly gentleman who at Christmas, to amuse young people, goes through a dance of which he does not pretend to know the figure. There was something touching to ordinary human feeling, and gratifying to ordinary human vanity, in the contemplation of Mr. BRIGHT'S official career as head of the Board of Trade. He spoke seldom in the last Parliament, and, when he did speak, there was more than usual interest in hearing him. The state of his health, too, awakened a respectful sympathy, and the fear lest he should be lost to the House altogether enhanced the value of his rare appearances.

Perhaps, too, the feeling of good will to Mr. BRIGHT of which we have been speaking may be not altogether disconnected from the tacit impression that he is a man whose day is gone by, and who therefore need provoke little actual opposition. If we compare him with Mr. DISRAELI or Mr. GLADSTONE, we are sensible that he belongs to the past more than they do. He is not likely to say or do anything more that will greatly affect the fortunes of parties or the opinions of the country. Mr. BRIGHT has had an epoch of activity; but it is one thing to have had an epoch of activity, and another to have the influence of those who are constantly wanted. Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE can not only think and speak. Mr. DISRAELI can manage a party so that his will becomes their will and his views their views; and Mr. GLADSTONE, when he chooses to get up the details of any subject, can so marshal his facts and figures that few of those who think him wrong have much confidence in being able to show that they themselves are right. The reasons, partly physical, partly intellectual, that made Mr. BRIGHT fail at the Board of Trade, have also made him fail to grow in the power of meeting the daily requirements of statesmanship. The times, too, in which we now live are peculiarly unfavourable to him. What is wanted now is not an enthusiastic way of treating large questions, but an exhaustive way of treating small questions. One of the chief triumphs of the Liberal party, and one of the best results of Liberal writing and reasoning during this century, has been that gradually there has grown up among men of all classes and all parties a readiness to approach subjects of public interest in a fair and impartial spirit. People are willing to discuss almost anything that is not a mere dream. So far as Mr. BRIGHT has contributed to produce this habit of mind, he has done a great good to England, but he is more fitted to produce it than to take advantage of it. To be ready to discuss things impartially is a very good thing, but when we begin to discuss them, we must go into the sort of details that are especially distasteful to Mr. BRIGHT. We are quite prepared to hear of "free land" if he likes to talk about it; but when we ask what "free land" means, we find the discussion gradually descending from the propounding of a social revolution to a disquisition on the proper amount of compensation for

unexhausted manure. It is no doubt true that the proneness to inquire into details may run to excess, and may blind us to the larger aspects of some important questions; and possibly men of Mr. BRIGHT'S turn of mind may be useful occasionally in bringing some of these larger aspects to our attention. But most of the questions of the day are in so very great a degree questions of detail that the mind that can best grasp and group details must be the mind of the greatest immediate value to us. No one can possibly say that Mr. BRIGHT'S mind is a mind of that sort, and in this sense it seems to be true that his day is gone by, although in another sense his day is very far from being gone by, as he has lived to enjoy a position among his countrymen which in the hour of his greatest success he could hardly have expected to attain.

CURRENT INDIAN POLITICS.

THE physical laws which affect our Indian dependency are in themselves amply sufficient to produce startling results. Nature in the East works on a gigantic scale, and even in times of political tranquillity there is always some occurrence which assumes vast proportions and invests with a temporary interest some obscure corner of our Empire. Though Indian railways have not yet sufficiently developed themselves to furnish returns of killed and wounded equal to those of an old-fashioned engagement between two armies of moderate size, there is no lack of variety and fulness of incident in the columns of a paper at any one of the Presidencies. A river which is usually a silver streak of water meandering through a waste of sand has suddenly become a raging ocean, and carries away a bazaar of five hundred shopkeepers, or all the sepoys' huts in a military cantonment. Cholera swoops down on three populous cities without a warning, and for a time effectually solves the problem of overcrowding. An epidemic of low fever takes root in the soil of a district, flourishes with the tropical vegetation, and broods over the stagnant reservoirs. By this time we have been enabled to form a distinct idea of Indian distances and spaces, and a conception of outdoor relief which, though ten times magnified, after all, only embraced a province and a half. Seeing, then, that there will always be something unpleasant produced by excess or deficiency of rainfall, or by the mere changes from hot and dry to cold and moist, we ought to guard against too exquisitely casting the fashion of political contingencies and administrative problems. Yet, from some cause, this is just what some of our contemporaries have been doing at the close of the past year. SCINDIA'S forces have shown signs of disaffection. The meeting of two Mahratta potentates, hitherto as irreconcilable as LOUIS XI. and CHARLES THE BOLD, boded no good. Our army had dwindled down, and was below the requirements of an unquestioned supremacy. Bad as the native sepoy was before the Mutiny, he was, from the paucity of English officers, now much worse. It is worth our while to scrutinize these statements carefully, and to see whether we have to face an open scandal, a new combination of circumstances, or a hidden foe. It may be said that our position in India, even during peace, much resembles that of an English fleet at exercise on the wide ocean. Skill in navigation is essential; storms, tornadoes, and currents will give abundant opportunities for clever seamanship. A look-out must always be kept night and day from the masthead and fore-castle. But though the guns be of the latest pattern, and the armoury be filled with the best explosives, the Commodore does not order his captains to sail with guns double shotted, nor does he beat to quarters, as a prudential exercise, two or three times in the course of every week. To use CANNING'S celebrated figure, the ship waits for the call of patriotism or necessity before assuming the likeness of an animated thing. The Government of India, powerful and vigilant, can, if it has taken the necessary precautions, afford to do the same.

First, about the rumoured disaffection in the army of the Maharaja SCINDIA we need say little. The allegation has been withdrawn as unfounded by the correspondent who gave it currency. But for those who are haunted by the idea of a Mahratta revival it may be interesting to know that the majority of SCINDIA'S subjects are not Mahrattas at all. His dominions, save where they touch on the Bombay Presidency, are tenanted by much the same castes and classes as the plains of Upper India. His army may

exceed twelve thousand men, with thirty-six guns, but even larger numbers would be exposed to the fort of Gwalior, which is garrisoned by our own troops, and which could reduce the capital to ashes in the space of half-an-hour. As for the meeting of two rivals who for years, by reason of a dispute as to precedence, have never met each other at any Viceregal pageant, even Special Correspondents have failed to suggest what plan of action has been determined, at what price enmities have been buried, or what new and ominous pledges have been interchanged. But men accustomed to weigh coincidences on official responsibility, and to risk their credit on the interpretation of motives, have, we understand, detected no new or hidden danger in this late conference in Central India. A more serious question is raised by the doubts thrown on our own army, and on Lord NAPIER's ability to bring more than thirty thousand men into the field. The simplest and most complete answer to these harassing speculations is that, to suppress disturbance and to guarantee social order anywhere in India, less than this number ought to suffice. We do not speculate on the event of a foreign invasion. Then we might want, not thirty thousand, but thrice thirty thousand. But it is incredible that twenty thousand English troops, equipped with arms of precision, and supported by powerful artillery, should not, if necessary, sweep every pretender from its path between Lahore and Calcutta, or Oudh and Kandeish. After all, too, there are some native troops on whom it is possible to depend. Past Indian history gives no warrant for such vague alarms. Putting aside the masses collected by Lord CLYDE for the reconquest of Lucknow in March 1858—though some Indian officers are audacious enough to say we should never have left the city in the November previous—it is notorious that many of our signal victories over native opponents nursed in warfare were gained by experienced generals with far less numbers. CLIVE at Plassey, WELLESLEY at Argaum and Assaye, broke and defeated enemies outnumbering our men by more than five to one. HAVELOCK, with less than 2,500 soldiers, gained nine successive victories over swarms of mutineers flushed with bloodshed and temporary success. Lord HARDINGE at Ferozshah had not 18,000 troops to set against an artillery of 40 guns as effective as our own, and more than 40,000 of the best fighting men in India, who had been disciplined by French officers of the First Empire. To multiply examples is merely to irritate Indian officers of the present day, many of whom wish for nothing better than to join a field force about one-half the size which the *Times* thinks so inadequate. Moreover, the rapidity of military action on any given point has been trebled by nearly 6,000 miles of railway; and though a recent list of native and independent forces looks large upon paper, some of the guns are probably rather rusty, the battalions without discipline, and sometimes without pay, and the leaders are not likely to compensate by inventiveness or originality for want of resources and wealth. In war, as in some of the arts of peace, we have just succeeded in making the Hindu an indifferent copy of ourselves.

On the other hand, it is impossible not to recognize the untoward character of two or three recent events. It may be fairly doubted whether the TICHBORNE trial, with its various episodes, was altogether conducive to morality and enlightenment. There can be no question that the delay in disposing of the NANA business is inauspicious and hurtful. That absurd native rumours should be piled up, as they must have been, on the top of English surmises; that the press should teem with speculations about SCINDIA's motives and good faith; that middle-aged Mahomedans should be tempted to dwell on past horrors; and that a precocious Hindu of eighteen should ask who was this NANA, what he had done to provoke the Paramount Power, and why he is now dragged into light, is all very much to be deprecated. And it is no consolation now to be told that this unhealthy excitement has been caused by a religious mendicant fed up with fanatical excitement, delusive promises, and decoctions of hemp. We cannot enjoy even the short sweet savour of legitimate retribution for such a vast expenditure of prestige and dignity. Another unpropitious circumstance is the removal of Colonel PHAYRE from his post as Resident of Baroda. We may give Lord NORTHBROOK credit, not only for sound motives, but for vigour and political sagacity, and may assume that our representative with the GAIKWAR ought to be a fresh officer, possessed of tact and firmness, and fully prepared to carry out a lofty Imperial policy with a vicious and in-

triguing Court. But the removal of a diplomatist on whose life a dastardly attempt had just been made is not exactly calculated to strengthen the authority of other representatives elsewhere, who at any moment may be called on to rebuke presumption and to crush intrigue. Nothing will prevent the GAIKWAR and his agents from propagating, or the populace in Guzerat from swallowing, the most outrageous perversions of an awkward, though not an unprecedented, occurrence.

While, however, we contemplate the recent transactions at Baroda and Cawnpore with regret, it is quite clear that in other places the force of British ascendancy has never been better displayed than of late. The Behar Famine and the succession at Oodeypore are legitimate triumphs of our rule. Four millions of people have been kept alive and healthy by a gigantic Poor-law, rapidly devised, and worked practically in clusters of villages and remote hamlets. This may, it is true, stereotype habits of dependence and unthrift. But, not to speak of gratitude, of which Orientals every now and then prove themselves as capable as most nations, Lord NORTHBROOK and his two Lieutenants now appear as the Avatars of a divine and benignant force. Doubts of English capacity to grapple with strange problems or to conquer malignant fates must have disappeared. The Oodeypore succession, in a very different quarter, had all the elements of a grand conflagration. The family is older than any Royal House in Europe; and, besides going back to a direct ancestor of the second century, is linked traditionally to the mythic RAMA of three thousand years ago. The capital is remote from the well-beaten track. At the MAHARANA's death the nobles and commercial classes were profoundly moved. The shops were closed. The Ranees wished to revive the disused rite of Suttee. There was a ground of dispute for the rightful succession quite sufficient to have caused violence and bloodshed. Yet order was maintained with this haughty, sensitive, and uncivilized population by the presence of two Englishmen, with neither six-pounders nor bayonets at their backs. We have heard a good deal, but seen very little, of "moral influence" in Europe. Like the transit of Venus, it is better observed seven thousand miles away. No fact since the Mutiny has lent such support to the theory that the heads of native races, ancient and proud in arms, are beginning to consider themselves as parts of a grand system where the Viceroy, at the apex, represents the majesty of England and the conquests of the Mogul. Against the episode of Baroda and the excitement of the supposed NANA we may fairly set the results of the Famine and the tranquillity of Oodeypore.

Unpleasant events in India are not wont to occur in the cold season. The first Sikh war was begun by the murder of two young officers in April 1848. The Sontal Rebellion occupied the rainy season of 1855. We all recollect the great Mutiny in the heats of May. The cold weather generally finds the Englishman, civilian or soldier, capable of any amount of activity or exertion. But, with past warnings and present means of locomotion, we ought to be able to meet any contingency in the very hottest time of the year. India is a country where we may at any time descry the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, or BURKE's meteor which may suddenly burst and spread desolation. But the best informed of the Anglo-Indian papers, such as the *Pioneer*, have left the alarm to be sounded in this country. The coming visit of the astute and vigorous Minister who has already once stood on London Bridge, and has so long ruled at Nepal, is not without significance for good. Vigilance to detect, and promptitude to punish, will always be amongst the first qualifications of an Indian ruler. But there is thus the more reason why, to borrow a phrase from the play of SHAKESPEARE now most quoted, neither Viceroys nor editors should be frightened with false fire.

A REPUBLICAN OF 1848.

THE death of LEDRU ROLLIN revives for a moment the memory of one of the most ignoble and unfortunate epochs in French history. The Revolution of 1848 is almost sufficiently characterized by the fact that LEDRU ROLLIN was one of its principal promoters and representatives. At that time the French nation, after ages of despotism only interrupted by a brief period of murderous anarchy, had at last tried for thirty years the experiment of a comparatively free and constitutional Government. It is true that both under the legitimate Kings and in

the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE there were numerous abuses not yet redressed. The constituency was too small either to be accepted as fairly representing the whole community or to be exempt from liability to Ministerial influence, which often degenerated into corruption. The Government interfered openly in elections, according to the uniform French practice which was afterwards adopted and exaggerated by LEDRU ROLLIN himself. It would have been evident to any candid and patriotic opponent of the KING and his Minister that the extension of the suffrage and the purification of the administrative system were attainable by constitutional methods. The KING was far advanced in years, and M. GUZOT had no freehold in his office. In the meantime the Government was dependent on Parliamentary majorities, and great orators and debaters on both sides incessantly appealed to public opinion. The Chamber of Deputies might have few constituents, but it included all the most eminent living Frenchmen. The administration of justice was unimpeached; personal freedom was, according to French notions, sufficiently protected; and the press enjoyed not only liberty but license. The attacks which had, as the event proved, fatally weakened the Monarchy, were principally directed against the best and wisest part of LOUIS PHILIPPE's policy. ARMAND CARREL and his rivals and successors incessantly denounced the maintenance of peace, especially with England. It is perhaps a redeeming point in the character of the democratic journalists of the time that, when they overthrew the pacific Monarchy, they made no attempt to practise the doctrine which they had systematically preached. The recollections of the Empire and of the first Republic had been exclusively evoked for purposes of domestic faction.

The habit of using the influence of journalism for the promotion of personal objects has exercised a pernicious effect on the politics of France. When those who ought to be public instructors write with the intention of raising themselves to power, it is not surprising that their teaching should be neither disinterested nor scrupulous. Even in the days of LOUIS XVIII., CHATEAUBRIAND had forced himself into office by his political writings; M. THIERS had, as a journalist, contributed largely to the fall of CHARLES X., and he immediately became a Minister under LOUIS PHILIPPE. The conductors of the Republican papers from 1840 to 1848 hoped to imitate his success; and though their triumph proved to be of short duration, they were not disappointed. The *National*, in which MARRAST had succeeded CARREL, was the most conspicuous assailant of the Government; and the *Réforme*, under the influence of LEDRU ROLLIN and LOUIS BLANC, was imbued with a deeper tinge of Jacobinism, vaguely tending to Socialism. LEDRU ROLLIN had little of the literary ability of his colleague; but he was a popular orator, a pugnacious and successful advocate, and a credulous and ignorant devotee of the worst traditions of the Revolution. Of two worthless idols, it afterwards appeared that the French multitude preferred the legendary NAPOLEON to the not less apocryphal Committee of Public Safety; but in the days of LOUIS PHILIPPE the Republicans never suspected that the Empire would be the alternative of the constitutional Monarchy. Their object was to reproduce the theory and practice of 1793, and unfortunately they accomplished the first part of their enterprise. The dynastic Opposition under THIERS and ODILON BARROT played with imbecile readiness into the hands of the revolutionary faction. The Reform banquets were advocated by the *National* and the *Réforme*, not because the Republican journalists wished to strengthen the popular element in the constituencies, but in the hope that the inevitable repression of the meetings would provoke a riot and perhaps a revolution.

When their hopes were realized through the weakness of the KING and the helplessness of M. THIERS, the little clique of journalists proceeded with impudent audacity to appropriate to themselves the spoils of victory. They were, probably against their will, compelled to admit to a share in the Government the eloquent charlatan who had at the last moment deserted the cause of order, and rendered impossible the establishment of the Regency of the Duchess of ORLEANS. LAMARTINE accordingly became Foreign Minister and a member of the Provisional Government; but nearly all the other offices were distributed among themselves by the staff of the *National* and the staff of the *Réforme*. LEDRU ROLLIN appointed himself Minister of the Interior, and for the two months during which the exhausted nation

submitted to the self-elected Government he was regarded as the chief rival of LAMARTINE, who was, in default of a better defender of order, supposed to be its representative. The satellites of LEDRU ROLLIN, including the notorious CAUSSIDIÈRE, controlled the police and the administration; and, in mimicry of his favourite models in the Committee of Public Safety, the Minister sent Commissioners with unlimited powers into the departments, not to conduct ordinary public business, but to establish Republican supremacy. The posthumous Jacobins of 1848, and more especially LEDRU ROLLIN and LOUIS BLANC, were conscious in the midst of their fanatical exaltation that their party was still in a minority. They consequently objected to the convocation of a Constituent Assembly until some undefined time when they should have educated France to appreciate the blessings of a Republic. When they were outvoted by their less violent colleagues, LEDRU ROLLIN's Commissioners were instructed to manage the elections with the aid of authority which, as they were reminded by their employer, was absolute and boundless. The Circular which avowed to the country the establishment of democratic despotism was worthy of the political and moral character of the Minister, but it was thought to have been composed by a more eloquent writer. The most brilliant authoress of the time reproduced in the name of LEDRU ROLLIN the enthusiastic declamation of the old revolutionary style; and the fanaticism of feminine genius exhibited itself in the ornate periods which proclaimed the doctrines of compulsory liberty and intolerant fraternity. The prophetess and the demagogue had failed to appreciate the progress of political knowledge and good sense during the thirty years of constitutional government. The insolent language of the Minister of the Interior was answered by the return of a large Conservative majority, and by the election in numerous constituencies of LAMARTINE, who was regarded as LEDRU ROLLIN's most powerful opponent.

The first act of the Constituent Assembly was to supersede the Provisional Government, and to appoint a smaller Council, the members of which were practically nominated by LAMARTINE. The vanity and folly of the popular orator were displayed in the perpetration of a ruinous mistake. With affected magnanimity, LAMARTINE betrayed the national trust by insisting that LEDRU ROLLIN should be included in the Government, which from that moment sank into universal contempt. For the remainder of his life LAMARTINE ceased to exercise political influence, though for a few weeks the ill-assorted Government retained its titular authority. In May a revolutionary faction attacked the Assembly; in June the formidable rebellion of the rabble which had been armed by the Provisional Government was suppressed after a desperate struggle. LAMARTINE and his colleagues were now dismissed by the Assembly; and in the following year LEDRU ROLLIN was implicated in a plot which led to his prosecution and exile. He took refuge in England, where, with a taste and feeling worthy of his character and of his political creed, he employed himself in writing a book on the decline of the country which had afforded him shelter. The book fell dead-born from the press, and for five-and-twenty years the Tribune, as he had been called by his flatterers, remained in merited obscurity. At last it occurred to some of the managers of the democratic party that it might be convenient to resuscitate an influence which could only have prevailed in a former generation. Some Republicans feared that GAMBETTA was deviating into the paths of tolerance and prudence, nor is it yet certain that the popular leader may not forfeit the confidence of his adherents by degenerating into a statesman. It was justly thought that, if all others ceased to adhere to the Jacobin cause, LEDRU ROLLIN was incapable of learning wisdom by long experience. Accordingly he was elected to the Assembly, and on one occasion he tried to speak. Though he was not past the vigour of age, he utterly and finally broke down. His thoughts, his language, and his whole political vocation had become obsolete, and with a glimmering of judgment he recognized his unfitness to take part in modern affairs. His death possesses no political importance, but his previous miscarriage is satisfactory as a proof that some forms of political mischief and folly have at last expired. LEDRU ROLLIN could not have added credit or dignity to any sect or party, but he was a characteristic specimen of the Republican of 1848.

THE SOUTH WALES COLLIERS.

THE painful experience of two years ago has apparently not been wholly thrown away on the Glamorganshire colliers. At that time they obtained, at the price of an ostensible concession, a real victory over their employers. After many weeks of suspended labour the works were reopened at the old rate of wages, with an understanding that the increase which had been demanded at Christmas should be granted at Lady Day. The iron trade, though it already exhibited symptoms of future collapse, was then still extraordinarily profitable, and the ironmasters and coalowners would probably have conceded the additional percentage in the first instance but for their wish to assert their independence of the dictation of the Trade-Union. While the strike lasted, the men bore with fortitude privations which must have seemed the severer because they were voluntarily incurred. The great majority of the workmen had no claim on the funds of the Union, and they could scarcely have continued the struggle but for the credit which was allowed by the tradesmen of the district at great inconvenience to themselves. Since the renewal of the strike has been threatened, the shopkeepers have given notice that they must refuse credit to any of the men who have not paid up their former arrears. The Union funds available for the purposes of a strike are insignificant in amount, and there is consequently no visible means of maintaining more than one hundred thousand men in idleness for any considerable time. Above all, it is notorious that the reduction announced by the masters is caused by a stagnant and falling market. There would probably be no great loss in closing the works for the present, and some of the managers have warned the men that, if the furnaces were once blown out, a long time might possibly elapse before they were relighted. Mr. HALLIDAY had persuaded one meeting to determine on a strike, but the resolution to yield, when it was proposed to the Dowlais and Rymney men, was unanimously carried.

If the wishes of the men at other works prevail against the advice of the delegates, it will be satisfactory, not that wages have been lowered, but that the party which is for the time the weaker should acknowledge the necessity of submission without previously incurring great and useless hardships. It is possible that a reduction of wages may tend, after an interval, to revive the prosperity of the iron trade. Much uneasiness has been caused in the trade by the diminution of the American demand, and by the concession of large English contracts to foreign firms. Experience proves that the state of the iron trade really controls the price of coal, although other causes contributed to the extraordinary rise of two years ago. The actual percentage which was added to wages formed but an insignificant portion of the total increase of cost; but the labour of the men became less productive as their wants were more easily satisfied, and the coalowners were not unwilling to find in the pretensions of the men an excuse for their own unprecedented profits. It is probable that the hours of labour will be voluntarily increased in consequence of the reduction of wages which, with or without a strike, is inevitable. The standard of living must have been raised during the period of prosperity, and it will be worth while to maintain it, if possible, at the cost of additional exertion. Some additional demand for labour will be caused by the opening of the numerous pits which were commenced during the period of high prices; but on the whole it may be assumed that the rate of wages is likely to remain at a low level for a considerable time. The Union delegates urge as an argument in favour of a strike the probability that the employers, if they are not checked by preliminary resistance, will propose a further reduction. It is impossible to judge whether the lowest point has yet been reached. The men may perhaps be inclined to suspect that the masters take undue advantage of their earlier knowledge both in prosperous and in adverse circumstances; but they have evidently learned in some degree the lesson that combination is an immediate, and not an ultimate, cause of changes in the rate of wages. When good times return they will be able to dictate terms to their employers.

The colliers, at the instigation of the Union, endeavoured to obtain a reference of the disputed question to arbitration; but the masters positively declined a mode of settlement which, as they asserted, was not applicable to the cir-

cumstances of the trade. Although arbitrations have been successfully tried in some branches of industry, it is difficult to understand the principles on which they are to be conducted. It is at least not surprising that coalowners should be unwilling to admit that the workmen in their employment are entitled to a share in their profits. The mention of the labour market, and of the price of labour, and many other phrases which describe labour as a saleable commodity, although they are to some extent metaphorical, approximately describe the true character of contracts between employers and workmen. No other element in the cost of manufacture is supposed to vary in price with the profits of production. A cotton-spinner in prosperous times may perhaps buy his cotton at an unusually cheap rate, if a favourable year for the crop has coincided with an extraordinary demand for cotton goods. It is true that raw materials tend to become dearer when the prosperity of a manufacture causes an increased demand; and for the same reason workmen are enabled to obtain higher wages when their services are urgently required. The cost of cotton or of coal to the spinner or the ironmaster can by no possibility become the subject of arbitration. The vendor of the raw material may be said indirectly to obtain a share of the manufacturer's profits; but only because the demand increases while the supply probably remains the same. If a large number of previously unskilled workmen were suddenly to qualify themselves to work in coal mines, it might well happen that the value of labour was reduced at the very moment when profits were at their highest. It is perhaps possible to extend indefinitely the practice of co-operation or partnership, but as long as the labourer is hired by a contract for fixed wages, no arbitrator can do more than ascertain the market value of his work.

The intimation that the colliers at some of the pits propose to ask for an increase of wages in March is probably rather intended as a consolation or encouragement to themselves and their comrades than as a threat to the employers. If trade should so far revive as to justify the demand for a rise, they will succeed for the same reasons which account for their present probable failure. On the other hand, it is not likely that the period of depression will terminate immediately, and it is possible that another reduction may be found necessary. The diminished influence of the Union since the last strike is remarkable, though it perhaps chiefly indicates a misconception of the objects and effects of combination. The friends of Trade-Unions always assert that they have permanently raised wages, and it is probable that they have accelerated concessions which might at a later time have been voluntarily made. The more intelligent Unionists are well aware that no combination can counteract the effects of commercial depression; but the system had been recently introduced into the mineral district of South Wales, and perhaps it may have been supposed that a fall in wages was a proof of the failure of the Union. It is a misfortune that the incomes of a large and industrious class should be seriously diminished, but it was impossible that the prosperity of two years ago should last. It is always desirable that a strike either for a rise or against a reduction should be avoided; and a strike of ironmasters' colliers is more than ordinarily injurious, because their withdrawal from the pits involves the compulsory idleness of the workers in iron. Even the hardy Welsh race might shrink from encountering the hardships of a strike in the depth of a winter which, till within a few days, seemed likely to be extraordinarily severe. Strikes are for the most part organized by active minorities, and in the present instance the resolution to yield, if it is ultimately adopted, probably corresponds with the opinion of the greater number. The meeting of delegates at Merthyr which decided in favour of the strike was evidently actuated by a not unreasonable fear that, in yielding on the present occasion, the colliers would have to some extent repudiated the authority of the Union. It is not surprising that the majority of men regard their own urgent necessities more than considerations of policy. The second meeting which was held on the same day reversed the decision of the delegates, and for the present there is little danger of an interruption of the industry of South Wales.

RAILWAY COMPETITION.

IT is impossible to look forward without the gravest apprehensions to the probable, and indeed almost inevitable, consequences of the line of action to which the principal Railway Companies have just committed themselves. The reduction of passenger fares on the Midland has been followed by a corresponding reduction on the lines of rival Companies at all points of competition, and it is announced that the rates for goods are also to be lowered. It is true that the reduction of passenger fares is in some respects rather nominal than real, and the Companies no doubt hope to indemnify themselves by a gain of aggregate receipts for any sacrifices in detail. Still the immediate tendency of this new policy must obviously be to increase the amount of traffic, and consequently the working expenses, while at the same time rather diminishing the profits of the Companies. It is clear that the Companies must either carry more passengers and goods at the reduced rates or lose revenue. And this course is taken at a time when it has been conclusively shown by a series of the most horrible disasters that the Railway Companies have already a great deal more traffic of all kinds on their hands than they can safely manage. It is notorious that the enormous growth of traffic during the last few years has altogether outstripped the accommodation provided for it, and that, in order to do anything like justice to their present business, the Companies ought, in almost every case, to double their main lines, to provide enlarged sidings and shunting places, and to make special arrangements on the more crowded routes for the separation of goods and passenger trains. The staff of officials is also miserably inadequate; and it is becoming more apparent every day, not only that more men are required and that their hours of labour must be shortened, but that a higher class of men, at more liberal wages, will have to be provided. Again, there are various improvements and precautions in the machinery and working of the railways which ought already to have been introduced, and which the Companies, even with their corporate insensibility and power of passive resistance, will hardly be able to repudiate much longer. The British public is slow, patient, and long-suffering, but it is scarcely credible that it will for an indefinite period permit itself to be slaughtered in periodical batches, merely because the Railway Companies in their greed refuse to adapt their insufficient lines and antiquated methods of working to the new conditions of their enterprise.

Under these circumstances it is evident that for the next few years the tendency of railway expenditure must necessarily be to rise. An outlay on safety will certainly not be eventually unproductive; but in the first instance it is of course expensive. The error, therefore, which the Companies would seem to be now committing is this—they are spending money which ought to be applied to securing greater safety and efficiency in the conveyance of their existing traffic on a reckless effort to obtain an increase of traffic, which, if obtained, must necessarily add immensely to the already serious difficulties and dangers of a gorged and overcrowded system. Nothing is more certain than that, as the lines now stand, even the present traffic cannot be carried without constant peril and frequent disasters. More traffic must therefore mean more peril and more frequent massacres. Trains will be more crowded, more irregular, more loosely and wildly managed by an overworked and bewildered staff; the wear and tear of rolling stock and plant, already too often rather rickety, will be greatly enhanced; and all the evils and catastrophes of the present system will be likely to be multiplied and intensified. Whatever may be the financial results of the experiment, there is every prospect that there will be a heavy butcher's bill to pay. Every fresh inquiry into the so-called railway accidents shows that the Companies apparently act on the assumption that the perfectibility of railway working is practically exhausted, and that they are entitled to go on in the old jog-trot way merely because any improvement would involve trouble or expense, and they prefer to take a fatalistic view of accidents. Mr. SMILES, for example, in an apology for the Companies, lays great stress on the fact that more people are killed by lightning than by railways; and it is argued that accidents on railways ought equally to be regarded as, in the old phrase, the visitation of God. Before this plea can be accepted, however, it must be

shown that every known and reasonable precaution is taken by the Railway Companies. The recent Shipton disaster, for example, was caused by the breaking of a tire, and this tire seems to have been of sound metal and without flaw. Moreover, the tire was riveted to the wheel in the way that is said to be usual on railways, when wheels are riveted at all, which, we are afraid, is not so general as it should be. One of the witnesses calculated that probably more than half-a-million of wheels constructed on the same principle are now running in the United Kingdom, and he doubted whether there were any much better. This, however, is not a very cheerful reflection after our experience of what happened to this particular wheel. The essential question is not merely whether the tire was riveted in the usual way, but whether it was riveted in a thoroughly efficient way. The breaking of the tire may be admitted to be an accident; but then the riveting was intended, in the event of fracture, to prevent the broken pieces from flying off; and, as in this case they did fly off, it would seem that the riveting was insufficient. The Great Western Company must themselves presumably have thought so when they gave up making wheels of this construction; and they are therefore responsible for continuing to use the old wheels which they believe to be defective. Nor can it be admitted that their obligations ceased when they had done what they thought needful for the wheel. If, as they contend, the best of wheels are always liable to give way, then they were bound to make adequate provision for an accident which they knew might happen at any moment. It is clear that the safety of a whole train ought not to be left absolutely at the mercy of an accident to a single wheel. An efficient means of communication between the passengers and the guard and engine-driver, and a more powerful brake, would no doubt—as indeed one of the officials has admitted—have averted the worst consequences of the accident. Only a day or two since a train on the North Staffordshire Railway ran off the rails because the driver, who saw that a rail was up in front, could not pull up in two hundred yards; and it is remarked that “it was fortunate that the misplaced rail was on the ‘right-hand side, otherwise the train would have fallen ‘over a steep embankment.’” Here the mischief was plainly caused by the deliberate neglect of the Company to supply proper brake power, while the narrow escape of the passengers from destruction was purely accidental.

In a police case at Manchester the other day a railway “greaser,” who had been found with an iron pan taken from a truck under his coat, pleaded that he had been at work for so many hours that he did not know what he was doing, and the magistrate gave him the benefit of the doubt. We are driven to suspect that a similar mental infirmity must have seized some of the higher railway officials, judging by the strange absurdity of the regulations as to return tickets which have just been issued. The issue of a return ticket is one of the simplest commercial transactions conceivable. The Company gets the money for two fares in advance, and it is therefore worth while to allow a discount to the purchaser, who, for the sake of this allowance, is content to run the risk of losing or never using the ticket for the return journey. The Midland Company, however, have as a rule abolished the discount, and some of the other railways have also either withdrawn it or reduced it to a merely nominal sum. The result of this can hardly fail to be that the Companies will lose a good deal of ready money which they might otherwise obtain. Again it is obvious that the time during which the ticket for a back journey is available must be perfectly immaterial to the Railway Company. They undertake to provide a seat for the passenger when he presents himself; but whether he comes next day, or the week after, or the month after that, cannot possibly make the slightest difference to them. A liberal allowance of time is, however, a convenience for the passenger, and, though it costs the Company nothing, he is made to pay for it. On the Great Northern, if you travel over fifty miles, you can have a month before coming back; but if you stop short of the fifty miles, you have only a week. The London and North-Western and the Great Eastern have the same rule, while the Great Western has a most elaborate schedule of the number of days allowed for return in the case of journeys of different lengths—one day for fifty miles, two days for one hundred and twenty-five, three days for two hundred, and so on. It would of course be just as rational to make a distinction between people with

red hair and people with black hair, or to make the interval between the journeys depend on the length of each passenger's nose. It cannot possibly be of the slightest consequence to a Railway Company how long a traveller may choose to stay at any place before going home to his wife; but it is an opportunity for a wanton and vexatious exaction, and the temptation would seem to be too strong to be resisted. If the Companies would only sell tickets at a fixed rate of discount, and without any restrictions as to the time within which they may be used, they could hardly fail to reap a profit by it. But what people want above all is not cheapness, but safety.

THE LIVERPOOL EXECUTIONS.

IF a few more brutal attacks should happen to end in the death of the victims, and in the consequent execution of the assailants, crime in Liverpool may perhaps return to its ordinary course. The passion for kicking unoffending neighbours is no doubt a strong one, and for some time past it has entailed such slight inconveniences that no young man of spirit could be expected to abandon it. But when the law against murder is seriously applied, kicking has the grave disadvantage that the frontier line between injuring a man for life and depriving him of life may easily be passed over. Probably not one of the three criminals executed at Liverpool last Monday had intended his violence to cause death. What he did intend was to inflict such violence as pleased him, and leave chance to determine whether his victim lived or died. If it is found that, as often as chance inclines to the side of death, conviction and execution follow as a matter of course, even the most careless of criminals will be likely to think twice before attempting an assault which may prove a short road to the gallows. Until now the chance of being hanged for kicking a man was scarcely more than a contingency upon a contingency. A whole string of uncertainties lay between the indulgence and the punishment. The injured man might live, and then a short term of imprisonment would put the assailant and the community once more on good terms with one another. Or, if he died, the jury might return a verdict of manslaughter, and the judge, after a proper amount of lecturing, might let the manslayer off with a sentence which, in his own simple phrase, he could do on his head. Or even if judge and jury should both be so bloodthirsty as to compass the death of the prisoner, he might still thank God that he had a Home Secretary. One way or another there was pretty sure to be a rock ahead on which justice would make shipwreck; and, fortified with the conviction that he was fortune's favourite, the rough went on from bad to worse until human life in Lancashire promised to become as cheap as in a newly-settled American State, without the tempering influence of Lynch Law or Vigilance Committees. If judges and jurymen do their work properly, and if Mr. CROSS does not reverse their decisions, these many uncertainties will dwindle down to one. A kick may possibly not produce death, and in that case the life of the man who has given it will not be forfeited. But, as has been already said, the most careless criminal will know that a single kick may end fatally, and that, if it does, he will be hanged just as certainly as though he had blown out his victim's brains with a pistol. It is not probable that when this conviction takes hold of the roughs they will be so ready as they are now to commit murder without premeditation, and almost without motive.

There is no need, however, that even the uncertainty whether a kick may produce death should continue to tempt criminals to commit brutal assaults in the expectation that no great harm will come to them in consequence. This earth should be stopped as well as the others. A rough cannot be made to believe that, if he half murders a man, his punishment will be the same as though he had quite murdered him. But he can be made to believe that, if he half murders a man, he will come in for an exceedingly unpleasant punishment. Whether the terms of imprisonment to which offenders convicted of brutal assaults can be sentenced should be lengthened is a question which may be best left to experts. But there is no doubt that the term of imprisonment, whether it be long or short, should be made as annoying as possible. As a rule, it does not appear that roughs have much, or indeed any, dread of imprisonment. So long as this is the case there must be something faulty in our

system of punishment. Imprisonment is sometimes talked of as though it were meant to be to the criminal classes what retreats are to devout Roman Catholics—periods of seclusion from the world to be spent in cultivating sorrow for past sins, and in framing resolutions of amendment. Unfortunately the criminals for whose use prisons are intended do not seem to share this view of them. They regard them as places designed for inflicting suffering in return for suffering inflicted; and if we may judge from the lightness of heart with which they hear their sentences, prisons, when looked at in this light, may for the most part be set down as failures. In the evidence given before a Royal Commission on this subject some years since, it is reported of one particular gaol that, under the management of the then governor, it had become so odious to the criminal classes that they were wont to say that they would as soon go to hell as be sent there. This is precisely the temper in which those who commit brutal assaults ought to look at all gaols. The limits within which punishment may profitably be allowed to cause physical suffering to those who undergo it are not likely nowadays to be exceeded. A criminal must not be sentenced to a lingering death disguised under the name of imprisonment, nor must he be so physically injured or weakened as to make him incapable of earning an honest living when he comes out of gaol, supposing that he wishes to do so. But, subject to these well-understood restrictions, the more painful a term of imprisonment can be made, the better calculated it will be to fulfil its purpose. In apportioning punishment, the first consideration for the legislator is what sort of punishment the particular offender is likely most to dislike. If it is found that neither the disgrace nor the enforced seclusion of imprisonment has the effect of deterring a man from crime, it at once becomes a question whether the desired terrors cannot be found in the adjuncts of imprisonment. It is clear that a cheerful young rough of twenty who kicks a passer-by into insensibility because he will not give him money to buy drink is not sensitive upon the point of honour. To be called a "gaol bird" has no terror for him. Nor will the loss of six months' time give him much annoyance. His education is completed; his occupations, whatever they are, will be as open to him when he comes out of gaol as before he went in. He will be worse fed perhaps in prison than if he were living on his own resources; but, on the other hand, the supply will be less precarious. Altogether, there is no particular reason why he should dislike imprisonment, and an immense array of facts go to show that he does not dislike it.

How gaols can be made more an object of dread than they at present are is also a matter for experts; and it is difficult to believe that the governors of the principal prisons could not, if they were consulted, offer some useful suggestions on this head. One very obvious change which has been again and again urged, and, so far as we have seen, without any valid objection being raised against it, is that the sentences in cases of brutal assaults should include one or more sound floggings. The plea that flogging tends to brutalize those on whom it is inflicted may be classed with the reason often assigned by foolish mothers for spoiling their children, that anything like severity would break their spirits. The simple question is, whether a man who knows that if he commits an assault he will be flogged is less likely to commit one than a man who knows that he will only be imprisoned. If it can be shown that the prospect of a certain number of lashes will not have any deterrent effect on him, that may be a valid argument against the proposed change. But its validity depends, not on the alleged brutalizing influence of the cat, but on its proved inefficiency. If, on the other hand, there is ground for hoping that this prospect will have a deterrent effect on him, it does not much matter whether he is brutalized by the process or not. It is better to live with a brute who is afraid to strike you than with a man of fine and delicate spirit who is always ready to assail you with foot and hand. The objections characteristically urged by Lord ABERDARE at the Glamorganshire Quarter Sessions last Tuesday are either tinged with this unreasoning sentimentality or they merely apply to details. There may be valid objections to flogging wife-beaters while allowing other kinds of assault to receive their present inadequate punishment, or to allowing flogging to be inflicted by a Justice of the Peace. For ourselves we should be quite ready to apply the lash in all cases of aggravated assault

without reference to the sex of the victim; and, provided that the authors of such assaults are habitually committed for trial, we have no objection to the power of flogging being, as now, withheld from the magistrates in petty sessions.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

A GREAT reformer has appeared in Paris. Baron H. is prepared to instruct persons unable to carry on a conversation fluently and agreeably in the art most essential to social pleasures. He holds classes at home, which may be attended for a pound a month; and he is willing to accept a moderate number of invitations to dinner for twenty francs, his terms being exclusive of attendance at the evening party. He will further introduce guests who will take part in supporting the conversation. The previous career of this gifted being is shrouded in mystery; but it seems from his own statement that he has travelled widely, studied profoundly, and has a fine natural talent for expressing himself. Our only wonder is that this benefactor of his species should confine his efforts to the French metropolis. The commonplaces about national character are generally false enough; but we have always clung to the belief, which has hitherto been confirmed by our experience, that Frenchmen were without exception good talkers. It is, indeed, a melancholy revelation of the progress of social decay if the French people are beginning to suffer from the dulness to which we have long been victims. Or is this perhaps one more of the consequences which are so liberally attributed to the late war? Have Frenchmen sobered down so much that their tongues no longer move with the old facility? Or should we perhaps infer that political discussions have become so savage and absorbing as to have quenched the old light of conversational vivacity? Some such conclusion must be suggested by the fact that the Baron excludes all political discussions from his practical exemplifications of the art. Yet, if Frenchmen find politics wearisome, what is to be said for ourselves? If it is wearisome to discuss the relative advantages of the Empire and the Republic, what is to be got out of discussions, say, on the compound householder, or the twenty-fifth clause, or any of those minute and technical issues into which an English debate is pretty sure to narrow itself? We are inclined to think that the evils from which conversation suffers in France must be the reverse of those which exist among us in England. There, anything like rational talk is often spoilt by the excessive liveliness of the conversers; here, it is swamped by the dreary influence of the genuine bore—a character who can probably be raised in greater perfection in England than in any other quarter of the globe.

The reformer of English conversation would thus have to meet a set of evils quite different from those which perplex his foreign colleague. He would, indeed, have an ample field for investigation, and would probably decide that any genuine reform must be based upon certain sweeping changes in the framework of society. For, in the first place, there is one obvious obstacle to anything like good talk in most English houses. A good talker presupposes a good audience, and a good audience is becoming daily more difficult to obtain. The reason may easily be understood by the reader of Boswell. Johnson, we may fairly assume, was the best of all English talkers on record. Now Johnson was surrounded by a little court of familiar friends, each of whom sustained a well-understood character. A party consisting of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, and so on, was like a company of actors each of whom understands the powers of all his colleagues, and is able to co-operate towards the general effect. They could understand each other; the humourist was in no danger of being taken to speak seriously; the man of special information would not have his pet subject snatched out of his mouth; the tender points of the irritable man were thoroughly understood, and his friends could avoid giving him unnecessary offence. On the other hand, there was a sufficient amount of variety to save the members of the little circle from boring each other too much. Some new-comer was always turning up who could introduce new topics from the world of art or politics or literature or travel. And it is on the fortunate balance between these two elements that the power of producing good conversation depends. There should be a nucleus of sufficiently intimate friends who should form, so to speak, an organic body, instead of a mere collection of incoherent atoms, and yet the circulation of its constituent parts should be rapid enough to preserve a certain freshness of interest. Now the difference between the London of to-day and the London of a century ago is precisely that all these little eddies have been swept into the main stream. The rush of the torrent is too furious to allow of the formation of those pleasant little coteries in which alone good conversation can be originally fostered. There have been great talkers since the days of Johnson; but men like Mackintosh and Macaulay seem to have been rather lecturers than conversers, because they could not come into the same close personal relation with the crowds who were for a time fellow-occupants of the same room; and others, who have had some talent of the Theodore Hook kind, were rather actors in a private theatre than, in any proper sense of the word, talkers. There seems to be little immediate prospect of diminishing this evil, and whilst it continues a Johnson is scarcely conceivable. Take the old Doctor and put

him down in the midst of a London drawing-room, and it is easy to see at what a loss he would be. He has no established butt like Goldsmith or Boswell, who will take his rough humour in good part; he cannot rely upon any argumentative challenge being taken up, for somebody of whom he has never heard, and who does not in the least understand his meaning, may cut in and disappoint him of his intended antagonist; he cannot leave it to his audience to take up half-meanings or to make allowance for a mixture of irony, for nine-tenths of mankind are firmly convinced that all great men talk in Acts of Parliament; he cannot touch safely upon theology, for he may have a Positivist on his right and an Ultramontane on his left; nor upon politics, when the meeting between a Wilkes and a Johnson is the rule rather than the exception; and if he even ventures to "speak disrespectfully of the North Pole," he may be treading on the toes of some one who has been advocating or opposing, or, in some round-about way, concerned in promoting or discouraging an Arctic expedition. In short, he is like an actor in presence of a strange audience with unfamiliar colleagues, and not knowing whether he is to take part in a farce or a tragedy.

The difficulty is familiar, and cannot be entirely evaded; and yet, by recognizing its true nature, something might be done to more purpose than can be generally supposed, or surely more pains would be taken to secure so desirable an object. Just consider, for example, the notorious absurdities of a modern dinner-party. Two human beings, each of whom may probably know no more than that the other belongs to the opposite sex, are arbitrarily coupled together, and left without a guide to search through all earth and heaven for some topic in which they have a common interest. It has come to be understood that the great merit of a dinner-table is to be so broad that no one but a popular preacher can make himself heard across it; and a large barrier of plate and flowers is erected to intercept all view of your opposite neighbour. By carefully nursing some little spark of conversation struck out by a happy thought, you have nearly blown it into a flame when a sense of duty suggests that you must entertain the only other person within hail—namely, your neighbour on the opposite side. If three people carry on something like a conversation, the one in the centre has to act as interpreter between the other two. The plan may have its conveniences, for in transmitting a tart observation upon the politics, we may change it into a delicate compliment upon the poetry, of the hearer; but at least it is not conversation. When ladies retired, gentlemen in the good old times used to absorb their port after a sufficiently brutish fashion, but at any rate they had time to work some promising mine of conversation. At present this is regarded as uncivilized. A further process of breaking the ice has to be performed after the scene has been shifted, and is probably showing some symptoms of success, when it becomes necessary to unite the party once more. As the hour of dining has grown later there is just time for a cup of tea, and an apology or a compliment, when carriages are announced, and persons retire, after passing two or three hours broken up into four spaces, of each of which it is probable that at least half has been occupied in a vague fumbling after some appropriate topic for communication. The very idea of a good long friendly chat between a small party, each of whom contributes something to the whole, is becoming obsolete, or at any rate is never realized at a dinner. And yet a dinner is probably the nearest approach to a sociable meeting which is generally obtainable.

We may add, too, that awkward as is the social machinery provided, there seem to be some accepted prejudices which increase the mischief, and which would deserve the attention of Baron H. Well-meaning hostesses appear to have heard that conversation, in order to be good, ought to be varied, that it should turn upon matters in which everybody can take a part, that it should not be calculated to shock the prejudices of any one present, and so on. In each of these little commonplaces there is of course a certain infusion of sound sense, but they are often applied in a grievously unintelligent manner. When, for example, two people are just succeeding in keeping up the ball, and have managed to send it backwards and forwards half-a-dozen times, a promising beginning is made. Others within hearing should join in carefully so as not to throw the players off their balance. But just at this moment a stupid person remembers the totally inappropriate maxim that a conversation ought not to run too long in one groove; or a very clever person is struck by some arbitrary association of ideas, and makes a mental leap from art to geography, or from personal gossip to metaphysics. Rejoicing in the new idea, or painfully elaborating one for the express purpose, the new interlocutor rushes into the midst of the talk, and the whole conversation is thrown out of gear, to be painfully put right again by a new series of efforts. Or it may be that somebody has got fairly mounted upon his pet hobby and is careering off, to his or her own complete satisfaction, towards Egyptian antiquities or the origin of language. The injudicious observer remembers that "shop" is a nuisance, or that the talker is dwelling upon a theory which may possibly interfere with the prejudices of somebody present. Instantly the unlucky rider is dexterously twitched off his hobby and left floundering on his back, unable to get upon his legs again, or the smouldering spark of conversation is summarily stamped out from the fear that it may possibly lead to a conflagration. It would be well if people would remember that, within certain limits, "shop" is the best of all talk, because it means simply talking about matters which the talker understands; and that a little difference of opinion is essential to a lively talk, though too vehement a contrast may lead to an explosion. But

the very definition of tact is the art of applying commonplaces at the right moment instead of the wrong, and too many people, having no tact whatever, manipulate conversation as a heavy-handed rider manages a horse, by jerking him on to his haunches, instead of dexterously guiding him by an imperceptible pressure into the most desirable line. To bring people together who are in harmony without being in absolute unison, to foster and stimulate any promising germ of talk, to lead it in the right direction without crushing or forcibly disturbing it, should be the object of an intelligent host. If Baron H. could teach that art in England, he would be a public benefactor. But, as a rule, a British entertainer is satisfied with bringing together as many incongruous people as possible, trusting to luck for conversation, and putting them under conditions where anything like connected and agreeable talk is simply impracticable.

THE WALLS OF ROME.

THERE are some points in which Rome itself is less Roman than many of the cities which arose under the shadow of its dominion. It is a mere accident that the peculiar style of masonry which in our own island and in a large part of Gaul we are accustomed to look on as specially Roman is hardly to be found in Rome itself. The small square stones alternating with courses of brick, such as we are used to at York, Lincoln, and Anderida, are not to be seen in Rome, because they belong to a later stage of fortification than the walls either of Servius or of Aurelian. Nor are they universal even in Britain; in the Great Wall itself there is no sign of them. But it is no accident that the manner of laying out a city which we are accustomed to look for in our own Roman towns is quite unlike the ground-plan of Rome itself or of any other of the older Italian cities. As Tusculum and Capua are not Roman creations, so neither is Rome itself. The specially Roman character grew out of Rome; Rome was not called into being by it. But the Roman cities in Britain, even more than in any other part of the Empire, were distinctly Roman creations, called into being after Rome had put on her distinctive character. Rome itself, like other cities of Italy, Gaul, and elsewhere, grew out of the primitive hill-fortresses; the distinction between Rome and other cities, the distinction which made Rome all that it became, was that Rome did not grow out of a single fortress of the kind, but out of several. But our own Roman towns rose for the most part out of Roman camps, and the form of the Roman camp has been impressed for ever on the main lines of street in some of them—Gloucester and Chichester, for instance—where traces of actual Roman buildings will be looked for in vain. The provincial towns, in short, were the creations of Rome in the days of her greatness; Rome herself grew up to be their creator by the slow steps by which her littleness rose into her greatness.

It is in this way that the stamp of the Roman is in one sense less felt at Rome than at Chester or at Aosta. Nothing can be conceived more unlike the square outline of those cities than the irregular line both of the Servian and of the Aurelian walls. Rome ceased to be *Roma Quadrata* as soon as she spread herself beyond her first home on the Palatine. The two great fortifiers of Rome followed much the same scheme of fortification in their two widely distant ages. The early King—for a King he must have been—who is represented by the legendary name of Servius Tullius, seems, beyond all doubt, to have worked into his design such of the primitive defences of the separate hills as came in his way and suited his purpose. Aurelian, ages after, did the same. The walls of the Prætorian camp, those of the *Amphitheatrum Cæstre*, pieces of the line of aqueducts, in short any earlier building, any earlier earthwork, which could in any way be made use of, was made use of and became part of the new line of defence. That is to say, Servius and Aurelian, each in his own day, acted like rational men. By the time of Servius the fortresses on the several hills had been so thoroughly merged into one city that their separate defences were no longer needed, while a common defence for the whole circuit was needed. This was made by using the old lines of defence whenever any part of them took a direction which suited the new object, and by connecting them by a new defence of earthworks or masonry wherever such a line of union was needed. On these points the researches of Mr. Parker have been most valuable; all that is needed is that he would not bring his own researches into contempt by asking us to believe that such a piece of wall was built in the year A.U.C. 1 and another in the year A.U.C. 4. In matters before the beginning of trustworthy chronology, historical inquirers must be satisfied to follow the method of geological inquirers. The geologist tells us that a certain stratum is older than another stratum; he does not profess to tell us how many years, or thousands of years, it is older. So in dealing with the works of unchronicled ages, we must be satisfied with saying that a certain wall is older than a certain other wall, without trying to fix how much older it is. Mr. Parker has, we think, like other people, ridden his hobby of "construction" rather too hard, and we can see absolutely nothing in common between his method and that of Professor Willis. Professor Willis compares together the existing buildings and the written records of a chronicled age. Mr. Parker is dealing with an age which is not chronicled, and which therefore cannot be dealt with in the same way. In some cases we think that he draws a little on his imagination; in others he distinctly shows that one piece of early wall is older than another piece. The defences of the earliest

Rome on the Palatine are perfectly plain. And it is also perfectly plain that in various parts of Rome there are pieces of early wall which do not belong either to that line of defence or to the line of Servius. Out of this Mr. Parker reconstructs the separate defences of the separate hills, and also a line of defence taking in the Palatine and the Capitoline, the settlements of the Ramnes and the Titienses. We do not profess to follow him in all his details; but his theory, when we look at the walls themselves, is always worth examining, and in many cases the evidence almost reaches moral certainty. It is only when Mr. Parker will stick on mythical names and dates that he brings down the scorn of scholars on discoveries which in themselves do not deserve that scorn. There is clearly an early wall which fenced in the Palatine settlement only, and there is clearly a still early but later wall which fenced in the Palatine settlement and something else. But, when people are told that one was made in A.U.C. 1 and the other in A.U.C. 4, it is so impossible to help laughing at the dates that they are tempted most unjustly to laugh at the facts also. A settlement on the Palatine only, and a settlement taking in the Palatine, the Capitoline, and, we venture to add, part at least of the Quirinal, belong to wholly different states of things, and they must have been separated not by three years, but by generations, perhaps by centuries. Where there is no chronology, we altogether decline to do anything more than to fix the order of things, without making any attempt to say how long each state of things lasted. But if we had to ask anybody to make a guess how long it would be before a settlement on the Palatine and a settlement on the Capitoline would be likely to fence themselves in with a common wall, it is not Mr. Parker whom we should ask to make the guess, but Von Maurer or Sir Henry Maine.

The Servian walls, formed in this way by joining several earlier lines of defence into one, naturally took in a very irregular space, and the walls of Aurelian, built in exactly the same way, naturally took in a very irregular space also. The patching is as clear in the earlier case as in the later. In the piece of masonry in the Servian wall which is still to be seen in the railway station, we can as distinctly see a piece of early wall built up against a still earlier piece. So we can at a certain point of Aurelian's wall see the wider jointed brickwork of his age built up against a piece of fine brickwork of the time of Nero, the remains of some building which Aurelian pressed into the service of his new line of defence. So it is throughout; the visitor is puzzled at first at finding in the wall of Aurelian gateways bearing the names of Vespasian, of Claudius, of Augustus himself. A second glance shows that these gateways are simply arches of aqueducts, which, when they spanned a road, necessarily assumed something of the character of gateways, worked into the new line of defence. That the wall of Aurelian was built throughout on an earlier line of defence, which Mr. Parker, for some reason that we cannot guess, calls the *manica*, as distinguished from the *murus*, is a theory for which we see no evidence whatever. It is distinctly contradicted by the description given by Dionysius of the state of Rome in his own time, when he says that Rome was then practically unfortified, because the Servian wall was so covered with later buildings as to be no longer any defence. This theory of an earlier fortification along the line of Aurelian seems to us to rest on just as little ground as the wild notion of some Italians that the wall of Aurelian stood miles out further in the Campagna, and that the present walls date only from the time of Honorius. Aurelian did exactly what Servius had done under circumstances which were practically the same. Servius found several hills which had once been distinct settlements, but which now formed a single city, provided with defences against one another, but not provided with defences against a common enemy. He provided such a common line of defence by keeping the old works wherever they would do, and joining them into one by new works wherever new works were wanted. Aurelian found the enlarged city in what was practically much the same case. The city had so outgrown the Servian wall that it had no longer any defence. He did as Servius had done. He made a new line of defence by taking such buildings as served his purpose—camp, aqueduct, amphitheatre, anything that suited—and joining them by new works into a continuous line. The result naturally was an enclosed space even more irregular than the space enclosed by the Servian wall, and as unlike as possible to anything which Aurelian himself would have laid out if he had been founding a new colony on the Caledonian or the German frontier. In this way Rome is less Roman than her own children. The ideal of a Roman city must be looked for anywhere rather than in Rome itself. That is to say, it must not be looked for in the Rome either of Servius or of Aurelian. We might indeed say that the later Rome is not strictly Rome at all, but Rome *plus* the neighbouring settlements which she incorporated. To this later composite, confederate Rome, the Roman cities in other lands bear no likeness; but we may fairly say that the first *Roma Quadrata* on the Palatine was the parent of many another *Roma Quadrata* which our fathers found to overthrow on the Saxon shore or on the peninsula by the stream of Deva.

Nothing in an examination of Rome is more striking, nothing better brings home to us the history of the city, than to make the circuit of its walls. Of the walls of Servius the circuit can no longer be made, but the modern walls of Rome are essentially the walls of Aurelian. In a certain sense their preservation is wonderful. It is true that the walls as they stand are of all dates, from Aurelian, and those whose works Aurelian made use of, down to our own day. Every siege of Rome has involved the battering

down and rebuilding of some part of their vast circuit. They contain therefore work—certainly materials—of every date and style from the days of the Kings of Rome to the days of the restored kingdom of Italy. But, with all this, the wall is still the same wall; it is still the wall of Aurelian, and not of any one earlier or later. Save on the right bank of the Tiber, the line of the walls has not been interfered with in any of its endless repairs; all those repairs, from Honorius to Victor Emmanuel, have been repairs in the strictest sense; they have been a mere making good of something which the accidents of time and warfare have destroyed or weakened. The wall is still a boundary and a barrier, kept on the whole singularly free from modern encroachments. And, when we think of all that this great line of defence has gone through, we shall be more inclined to wonder that so many of the ancient gates are left to us than that some of them have given way to modern successors. And in the whole history of Rome the walls of Rome are among its most living monuments. The primeval wall of the oldest Rome is the most speaking monument of the days when the first Latin settlers on the Palatine had to guard themselves against Sabine enemies on the Capitoline and the Quirinal. The wall of Servius is the wall of that Rome which, already the head of Latium, step by step aspired to be the head of Italy. It is the bulwark of Rome first against the Etruscan and the Volscian, and in after times against the Gaul, the Epirot, and the mightier Carthaginian. And there is one spot in its circuit around which the whole history of Rome seems to gather, and where the fate of Rome was decided in the last and most terrible of all her struggles with enemies within her own peninsula. In both the two great fortifications of the city its north-eastern corner, its weakest point by nature, was made specially strong by art. Here on the eastern side, where there was no river to embank, no cliff to scarp, ran the mighty *Agger* of Servius. Near the angle where this artificial bulwark joined the natural bulwark of the slope of the Quirinal, within the line of the *Agger* and defended by a vast hornwork, stood the Colline gate. This was the great entrance to that side of Rome which lay on the *Colles*, the spurs of the high ground, as distinguished from the *Montes*, the isolated hills rising from what was once the swampy ground by the river. Here was the natural point of attack for every enemy. In the early days of Rome legends tell us of fights by the Colline gate with the Volscians and the men of Tibur. Through the Colline gate the revolted army came back to overthrow the tyranny of the Decemvirs. Over the Colline gate, so the tale ran, Hannibal hurled his spear—a tale wild enough, but one which still shows at what point men looked for Hannibal to have entered Rome if he had entered it at all. And it was by the Colline gate that Rome fought her last battle for her being against Italian enemies, the battle in which Sulla saved her on the day when the last Pontius came to root up the wood which sheltered the wolves that so long had ravaged Italy. On that day Rome fought, not for dominion, but for life; she had not to fight for life again till the Colline gate and the Servian *Agger* had passed away, and till Rome had found that she needed new ramparts to shield her against new enemies.

We pass from the inner circuit to the outer, from the walls reared to shield Rome against Italian enemies to the walls reared to shield her against enemies of our own blood. The building of the still existing walls of Rome was a sign that the Wandering of the Nations had begun, that the Teutonic race had begun to play its part in the drama of human history. Those walls were raised by Aurelian when the German was threatening on the Rhine and the Danube; they were strengthened by Stilicho when the Goth was marching at will through the lands on both sides of the Adriatic. From the Colline gate it is but a short step to the Salarian. Modern barbarism has swept away the actual gate through which Alaric entered Rome, but some stones are there which still stand as they stood on the night when the slumbering city was "awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet." But the whole of the northern and eastern side of Rome is one monument of Gothic warfare. We pass out of the city, if not by the Flaminian gate, yet by its modern representative; without the wall, above the modern Borghese gardens, rose the loftiest of the seven camps of Vitiges; within the wall, high on the Pincian, stood the headquarters of Belisarius. We walk, as it were, between the besiegers and the besieged; we pass by the leaning mass of the *muvo torto*, with its strange legend as old as the days of that great struggle—the point of the rampart which the Apostle himself guarded, and which, weak as it seemed, Belisarius had no need to strengthen. We pass on by a long line of wall, now unbroken by a single gate, till we reach the Salarian again. A few yards more, and we have reached the history of our own times. Between the modern Salarian and the now closed Nomentane gate we have a piece of modern wall, with the modern gate of *Porta Pia*, with its flaunting inscription in honour of the present bearer of that name. In that wall we see a few yards newer still. Hard by it hangs a garland recording the names of men who died in our own time to undo the evil work of ages; where the new wall looks newest was wrought the last deliverance of Rome. Through that breach the army of united Italy entered her capitol. In that quarter the history of Rome seems indeed crowded into a small space. The army of Alaric and the army of Victor Emmanuel entered Rome almost, as it were, abreast. One entry marked the beginning of the modern world, the world which grew out of the fusion of the two elements which were represented by the Roman and the Goth. The second entry marked the readmission of Rome within that world by her deliverance from the worn-out power

which crumbled away as soon as it was no longer guarded by the bayonets of a foreign tyrant. From either point we soon make our way to the elder circuit. We are again by the Colline gate; we see that for the work of Victor Emmanuel the work of Sulla was needed. On the older day the hosts of united Italy marched against Rome as against a common enemy to be wiped out. On the later day, the hosts of united Italy marched on Rome as her deliverers from an alien yoke. In the one struggle Rome fought to win back Italy as her possession; in the other Italy fought to win back Rome as her head. But both scenes were parts of the same drama. In each case, though by such different means, Rome became the head of Italy. The Roman Dictator had to force the yoke of Rome upon unwilling Italy in order that the Italian King might one day free willing Rome from the yoke of the priest and the stranger.

Here indeed is history pressed into a small compass. With Sulla and Belisarius, and the men of our own day before our eyes, we hardly care to dwell on the struggles of the days between—on the raid of Robert Wiscard or on the sack by the host of the dead Bourbon. But these, and much beside, the walls of Rome have looked on. From the oldest stone in *Roma Quadrata* to the last course of bricks laid to repair the breach of 1870, they bear their witness that the history of Rome, and with it the history of the world, is one unbroken tale.

LADY SERVANTS.

THE world has in all ages contained a percentage of people who think the only way to cure existing grievances is to turn things upside down. It has long been a subject of complaint that upper servants are becoming such fine ladies that they are practically no longer servants. It is now proposed to turn fine ladies into efficient upper servants. Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshaw, already well known for the interest she takes in questions relating to women's work, has published a pamphlet which she entitles *Domestic Service for Gentlewomen: a Record of Experience and Success*. In treating of this subject we have therefore to deal with what, so far as Mrs. Crawshaw is concerned, is not an experiment in political economy, but a triumph over popular prejudice. Whether in other hands the like satisfactory results would be obtained is the question to be considered. There are many flowers which bloom luxuriantly in a sheltered situation, aided by the daily care of an experienced gardener, which would perish if exposed to the wind. Lady helps may be a success at Cyfarthfa Castle, but does that prove that the principle is one which will work well in ordinary families?

Before discussing this point we had better allow the kind mistress of the Castle to detail her plans. Mrs. Crawshaw tells us that she has given a happy home—no mean achievement—to five ladies. They hold the positions—we will not say the places—of cook, lady's-maid, kitchenmaid, dairymaid, and upper housemaid. They inhabit the servants' rooms, "after thorough cleansing, whitewashing, and painting." They use yellow soap, wait on themselves, wash up their own tea-things, and set their own table, "which would be very insulting suggestions to ordinary upper servants." Mrs. Crawshaw, with true womanly unselfishness, is now ready, nay anxious, to part with these invaluable creatures in order that they may propagate in other houses the gospel she preaches, and adorn benighted homes with their usefulness and humility. She will then, in the most really self-sacrificing way, supply their places from amongst the nine hundred thousand unmarried women who now cry "How long!" and who cannot get situations as governesses, "owing to certificates of proficiency in teaching being required, which they unfortunately cannot furnish." Whenever a new lady help arrives, Mrs. Crawshaw on the first morning shares the work with her, to show that manual labour is not in itself a degradation. Unaccustomed to sweeping—for the practice of a few times does not make her a proficient in the art—she tries experiments on the stairs with the new lady housemaid, and they laugh and joke pleasantly together over their awkwardness, the poor stairs meantime suffering silent agonies, and showing in chipped paint or scratched polish that for every great movement there must be some victims. Mrs. Crawshaw has proved by experience that educated feet do not wear out carpets so quickly as ignorant ones—we should have thought the kind of shoes worn had something to do with the matter—and that ladies of gentle birth are more satisfactory as maids than labourers' daughters. The reason she gives for this last assertion is that they are careful to put everything where she can readily find it, and so enable her to be independent of assistance. Mrs. Crawshaw does not mention whether they excel in the usual requisites of a good maid, hairdressing and dressmaking, as much as in their refined manners and graceful demeanour. The description of Tennyson's Princess and her girl graduates fades into insignificance before the picture of Mrs. Crawshaw solving a much more important social problem. The cleaning of boots seems to have been the first and last difficulty which Mrs. Crawshaw has encountered in the working out of her scheme for the regeneration of service, but she has solved it. Surrounded by a bevy of fair damsels of ancient lineage but light of purse, she gives them instruction, illustrated by example, in varnishing their own dainty boots, which, the page of the house thinks it a degradation, instead of a privilege, to polish. These young ladies evidently do not venture out on muddy days, else the natty stick and sponge of which Mrs. Crawshaw speaks would

be a poor substitute for the blacking-brush. We remember once having tried the varnishing business in lodgings where clean boots were never forthcoming in the morning. Everything went on in the most satisfactory manner for some time, and our boots, unlike the peacock's toes, were to us a source of honest pride. But one day all this industry and independence collapsed before the sight of a thick layer of London mud. A cowardly and ignominious capitulation to the slavery of the house and the present of half-a-crown were the only result of a week's rebellion against the usages of society. But these favoured lady helps need never dirty their boots, for does not Mrs. Crawshaw keep carriages, open and close? and does she not send polite intimations to the lower regions when she is going out to drive, so that the faces flushed with cooking may be cooled by the fresh Welsh breezes, and the lady's-maid may gather new inspirations for the combinations of the colours in her mistress's dress from the waving branches of lilac and laburnum in the avenue? These brisk lady helps, unlike other ladies, dress themselves in a few minutes, and return to their work with redoubled ardour after their carriage exercise. There is a most affecting account of the behaviour of the lady helps when some extra scrubbing of floors had to be done in a hurry. No fair penitents in a Bernadine convent could have taken to their knees more enthusiastically, or worn them away more uncomplainingly, than did these delicately nurtured Englishwomen. But we are afraid that the housemaid so highly commended by Mrs. Crawshaw, who, passing while they were thus engaged, "expressed herself thoroughly shocked, and fairly drove them away, saying she herself would work later and get through it," must have had a sly laugh in the kitchen at the way the soap and water were being laddled about and wiped up again by such inexperienced hands. Mrs. Crawshaw would like her *protégées* to appear in the drawing-room in the evening, but, owing to the present extravagance of fashion, they now decline this indulgence, as they cannot afford evening costumes. Mrs. Crawshaw, however, hopes that when flounces, high heels, and chignons have gone out of fashion, her fair friends will not object to adorn her reception rooms with their presence. We remember a very young man giving an amusing account of what agonies he had endured upon finding that the pretty little person to whom he had paid such marked attention on board the Crinan Canal steamer was maid to a lady going to stay at the house of the Scotch cousin who had asked him for three days' shooting. The next time he saw her she was "spreading out the clothes," or rather hanging out her mistress's laces to dry, and he nearly left the house from the humiliation which a boy feels when he has committed some social blunder. Under the new *régime* the Captain in the Guards will walk to church with the lady who is going to make a *vol au vent* for dinner, and the Prime Minister will share the hymn-book of the housemaid who that morning dusted his room.

With healthful work Mrs. Crawshaw endeavours to combine healthful play. She takes her handmaidens to public amusements, and, many of them being fine musicians, they are particularly fond of concerts. They are always installed in the highest-priced seats regardless of cost. "Here," says Mrs. Crawshaw, "I shall be met by an objection on the score of expense; where the master of the house objects, I would recommend any housekeeper to pay it out of her own pin-money, this expenditure fairly coming under the heading of charity of the highest class." Besides lady helps Mrs. Crawshaw keeps six ordinary servants, two of them "strong under housemaids," and one a "strong, willing Welsh scullerymaid." This arrangement is made to allow the upper servants time for "reading, writing, and music." It is most considerate, for then the maid who has already arranged that her mistress can do without her assistance need not be disturbed by the dressing-bell from that delightful chapter in the *Three Feathers*, nor need the upper housemaid leave the difficult bar in that newly learnt sonata unconquered. The cook may be of a literary turn, and it would be hard could she not be allowed leisure to finish the article on "Little Dinners" in time for the monthly issue of the "Middlesex Magazine." Except upon the blacking of boots and the use of yellow soap the information Mrs. Crawshaw gives with regard to the working out of the scheme is rather meagre. We who have never had the privilege of staying at Cyfarthfa Castle would like to know, before we are asked, whether any of the lady helps are under forty, whether they are called Mrs. or Miss, by their Christian or surnames; what is the size of their aprons; whether they wear caps, and, if so, whether they are mob caps, or any other kind equally becoming to the fair sex. Is the lady cook a plain cook or a French cook, and can the dairymaid make delicious butter? Is Cyfarthfa Castle a sort of stage on which *She Stoops to Conquer* is acted all day long? and do young men of the Marlow type rush to their friends, saying, "Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?" or "This little housemaid runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken."

It seems to us that Mrs. Crawshaw has opened up a vista of pleasant pastures, and has found a hitherto unworked field for Belgravian mothers. When the season is over and the marked bird has escaped from the net of the fowler, why not get for the fair Ethelfleda a dairymaid's costume, copied from *Our American Cousin*, and send her down to some model dairy in the country, where in a becoming attitude she can pose in the rustic porch, her neat ankles disphayed under her short

petticoat, and her lovely bare arms looking whiter than the milk she skims? Who could wonder if the young heir who prefers barmaids to countesses should be a ready prey to her wiles? Then, too, the hitherto obstinate celibate of the clubs might fall a victim to the proper cooking of his favourite dish, and the confirmed old bachelor, who is nevertheless a *bon parti*, might succumb to the virtues of the housemaid who always puts his things in their proper places. But then, again, if penniless daughters are to become kitchenmaids, why should not younger sons become footmen? Cleaning plate in this country is no harder work than grooming horses in Australia, and many curates have been heard to envy the squire's butler. This little addition to Mrs. Crawshaw's plan would solve the difficulty which she has no doubt foreseen, but of which she has not spoken. It would be almost impossible to prevent My Lord's gentleman paying attentions to My Lady's maid, or some pert young footman kissing the lady housemaid on the stairs. Mrs. Crawshaw speaks with tears in her eyes of the nine hundred thousand women who cannot marry. But why cannot they marry? Because, in a vast number of cases at least, they are brought up to be provided for by charity, instead of to be helpmates for honest hard-working men; because they dress themselves in Edgware Road finery, and will not sweep their mothers' stairs. Why cannot a woman do for a man she loves what Mrs. Crawshaw wants her to do for perfect strangers? There are hundreds of young men who long for a home of their own, who could afford a working-man's house and one servant, yet they live in uncomfortable lodgings and spend their evenings at the theatre because they do not know any girl in their own rank who would condescend to cook them a dinner, even if she knew how, or who would not think herself a drudge if she had to do what nearly every German middle-class lady does with ease. If Mrs. Crawshaw's experiment results in teaching ladies that scrubbing out a room is a no less worthy work than knitting an ugly antimacassar; that the making of butter is a more healthy and interesting employment than trying to play a bad piece of music on an equally bad piano; that household economy and a knowledge of dainty cooking are accomplishments quite as charming in a lady as being able to make cardboard boxes and valueless lace, we wish her every success. She would thus pave the way for early marriages which would no longer be imprudent ones. But if her plan is to turn things upside down, and still further complicate our social relations, already so difficult, we cannot help wishing that lady helps may be confined to Cytharfa Castle.

THE NEXT CONCLAVE.

THE attention which has naturally been drawn to the subject through the circumstances of the present pontificate has led us more than once during the last few years to dwell on the history and rules of Papal elections. That very little should be known about the matter by the public generally, and especially in this country, was of course to be expected, and is abundantly proved by the various and often conflicting rumours which have from time to time been put into circulation about exceptional provisions supposed to have been made for the next Conclave. To any one moderately acquainted with the actual state of the case, it would have been obvious at the first blush that many of these reports were absurd, while others treated as something novel and peculiar what is simply a recognized part of the existing system. To the former class belongs the latest of these rumours, which has gone the round of the papers during the present week, to the effect that Pius IX. contemplates making a "testamentary disposition" for the election of his successor, which would of course *pro hac vice* supersede the franchise of the Cardinals altogether. Pius IX. has achieved a good many daring, and some quite unprecedented, feats of despotic authority during his long reign, and for the moment with entire success, but he has never shown himself devoid of a certain practical shrewdness. The attempt to grasp at a posthumous usurpation, which could only take effect by the free consent of those at the expense of whose immemorial rights it was to be exercised, would show that he was in his dotage, of which there are no signs at present, while the sole result would be to cover his memory with ridicule. Some of the more formal rules of Papal elections, such as the prescription of an interval of nine days between the death of the Pope and the assembling of the Conclave, are well known to be dispensable, and have sometimes been dispensed with, nor can there be any doubt that all requisite provision has been made for enabling the Cardinals to use their own discretion on such points on the next occurrence of a vacancy of the Holy See. Other rules, such as that securing the absolute right of every Cardinal to the franchise, even though disgraced and in prison, and the rule, sanctioned by the Third Lateran Council, which requires the votes of two-thirds of those present for a valid election, have always been regarded as absolutely binding. It is true that Pius IX. affected to deprive the late Cardinal Andrea of the "active and passive voice" in Papal elections—i.e. of voting or being himself elected—but former experience shows that, had Andrea outlived the Pope, this arbitrary act would have been inoperative. A Cardinal in the last century, who had been similarly condemned and also lodged in the prison of St. Angelo for grave civil crimes, nevertheless, when the time came, claimed his indefeasible right to take part in the Conclave, and the claim was admitted. The right of

veto, on the other hand, conceded to certain Catholic Governments, about which a good deal has been said of late, is of uncertain date, rests on no written law whatever, and is in fact a mere matter of courtesy, which it would be in the power of the Conclave for sufficient reasons to refuse. Such a refusal might for obvious reasons be indiscreet, but it would not, from the Catholic point of view, in any way invalidate the election.

And thus we are brought to notice the strange and somewhat unintelligible document, of the same date as the alleged Bull *Præsentis Cadaveris*, which came to light in the course of the Arnim trial. The despatch is dated "May 14, 1872," and marked "confidential," and begins by pointing out that even under the old régime it was important that both the person and the valid election of the Pope should be recognized as satisfactory by all Governments having Catholic subjects, and that by Concordats concluded in the beginning of this century "the relations between the Pope and the Governments became more direct and in a sense more intimate." It may be as well here to observe in passing, as the context might seem to imply the reverse, that none of these Concordats have any bearing on Papal elections, and that they are contracts made as well with Protestant as with Catholic Governments. The despatch proceeds to say that, as the two principal votes passed by the Vatican Council, concerning the infallibility and universal jurisdiction of the Pope, have entirely changed the relative position of the Pope and the Governments, "the latter are all the more interested in the person of the future Pope, and therefore all the more entitled to insist upon the recognition of their own right to interpose." The Vatican Decrees are then explained as constituting the Pope himself the real Bishop in every diocese, and thus "entirely superseding the authority of any Bishop holding office with the consent of the secular power; in other words, merging the episcopal jurisdiction entirely in the Papal." And therefore "the Bishops are only his tools, his servants, swayed by his dictates, and without any responsibility of their own—the servants of a foreign sovereign, who, by means of his infallibility, has become more absolute than any absolute monarch in the world." And then follows the critical clause, which sums up the whole gist of the document:—"Before allowing a new Pope to assume such a position and exercise such rights, Governments must ask themselves whether his election and person offer those guarantees against an abuse of power which they have a right to demand." Our readers will take notice of the italicized words, to which we shall have occasion to return presently. This, it is added, is the more necessary because there is no security for "even the few guarantees formerly surrounding a Conclave, partly inherent in its composition and partly marking its rules, being granted under present circumstances." And we are then reminded, in language bristling with perhaps intentional blunders of historical fact, that "the right of excluding candidates possessed by the Roman Emperor, Spain, and France often enough proved illusory"; that the influence exercised by Cardinals of different nations was mere matter of chance; and that it is doubtful whether even these shadowy guarantees will be preserved in the next election. The German Chancellor accordingly proposes that all European Governments having Catholic subjects should take counsel together, and agree "upon a common attitude and the conditions under which they will recognize the next Pope." The proposal is said to have been rejected by Austria, nor can we suppose that it has been accepted by any other Government. Whether the present publication is intended to indicate the line which Prince Bismarck means to take, or wishes to have it understood that he means to take, when the next vacancy in the Papacy occurs, or whether it is simply put out as a fresh menace to the Catholic subjects of the Empire, are questions more easily asked than answered. That it is designed in some way to deal a fresh and heavy blow at the power of the Roman Catholic Church is of course obvious on the face of it; but the precise plan of action suggested for adoption in reference to the next Conclave is left rather in the dark.

If the document were read in its most literal sense, and taken to imply no more than it actually says, it need only mean that the European Governments should insist on a strict observance of the recognized rules of Papal Conclaves on the next occasion, and especially on the existing rights of veto in the Austrian, Spanish, and French Governments being respected. But a moment's consideration will suffice to show that any such interpretation refutes itself. If there is no particular reason for assuming that the existing regulations will be disregarded, still less is there any reason why Prince Bismarck should be anxious to enforce them. It is, to say the least, no particular interest of his that the influence of Austria, or Spain, or France—the latter especially—should be brought to bear on the election of the next Pope; while a disputed election, if such a result were at all on the cards, would be a clear gain to him in his conflict with the Catholic hierarchy of Germany. Moreover, it is hardly necessary to read between the lines to perceive that this cannot really be the meaning of the despatch. It is addressed by the leading Protestant Government of the Continent to Catholic and Protestant Governments alike, and no Protestant Government has hitherto claimed a right of veto in Papal elections. Then again we have already called attention to the peculiar, and evidently studied, language in which this right is referred to as "possessed by the Roman Emperor, Spain, and France." Now the last shadow of the Holy Roman Empire passed away nearly seventy years ago, and the veto exercised by Austria, in common with certain other Catholic States (the claim of Portugal has been matter of dispute) is an

arrangement of the last two or three centuries only, and has nothing to do with the powers, not simply of veto, but of nomination, often exercised by mediæval Kaisers. The wording of the sentence is apparently intended to insinuate that some right analogous to that claimed, and not unfrequently exercised, by the Emperor in the middle ages ought to belong to modern Governments, and perhaps also that the head of the new German Empire is the residuary legatee of the rights supposed to descend from the old Cæsars to the heirs of their title in mediæval Christendom. But that is a very different thing from the modest veto claimed of late years for Catholic Governments; which indeed is not very accurately described as "the right of excluding candidates," for it can only be exercised once in any Conclave, and only exercised before the election has taken place. A Pope once elected cannot be set aside, or Pío Nono would never have occupied the Chair of Peter, for the Austrian veto arrived only twelve hours after his election. There is another phrase thrice repeated in Prince Bismarck's despatch which shows that something more than a rigid adherence to existing forms is contemplated. The Governments, he observes, "are interested in the person of the future Pope," and they ought to ask themselves whether "his election and person offer those guarantees which they have a right to demand." This clearly means that they are concerned, not simply with the formal validity of the election, but with the character of the person chosen, and are entitled to reject any claimant, however regularly elected, who is not, in the terms of the Concordat regarding Prussian Bishops, *persona grata Regi*. What candidate would have any chance of passing the ordeal, or how long the Papal See might be kept vacant if "the Pope in jack boots," as Prince Bismarck has been termed, were to have a controlling voice in the appointment of his white-robed brother, it might be rash to determine.

The studiously complicated arrangement for the conduct of Papal elections which has remained unchanged for many centuries, and is very sure not to be lightly disturbed or ignored on an occasion of critical interest, is so formed as to baffle all calculations of the ultimate result. The rival conjectures constantly hazarded in different quarters as to the probable successor of Pius IX. are not worth the paper on which they are written, and the only prediction that can be safely ventured upon is that the Cardinals, if left to themselves, will take very good care to do nothing and omit nothing which can throw any shadow of doubt on the regularity of the procedure. Whether indeed the right of veto will be allowed, if any of the three Catholic States accustomed to exercise it should seek to enforce their claim, may be questioned. The precedent set at the Vatican Council, when the changed attitude of modern Governments towards the Church was made a ground for refusing to admit ambassadors to the debates, might be not improbably followed. But that any claim to interference on the part of Protestant Governments, whether in the traditional form of veto, or in the more trenchant method suggested in Prince Bismarck's Circular, would be resisted to the uttermost there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is difficult to believe that even Prince Bismarck would seriously persist single-handed in such an enterprise, and it is tolerably certain that he would not find any allies. Meanwhile, whatever tends to ensure a more punctilious observance of the prescribed regulations will only so far strengthen the position of the new Pontiff. It was the deliberate aim of the First Napoleon to increase the power of the Papacy with a view to subjecting the French episcopate more completely to himself. "The Pope," as he somewhere remarks, "cannot be too powerful as long as he is my head chaplain." But the upshot of his policy is not calculated to encourage imitation. He succeeded in making a clean sweep of the "Gallican Liberties," and the French episcopate since then has lain prostrate at the foot, not of the Royal, but the Papal throne. No individual influence for centuries has done so much to promote the growth of Ultramontanism. Prince Bismarck is a great power in Europe just now, but hardly more powerful than the First Napoleon when Pius VII. was dragged at his chariot wheels to the coronation ceremony at Notre Dame. If he has imprisoned some half-dozen Bishops, Napoleon imprisoned the Pope himself, who emerged from captivity to restore the Jesuits and rally round him the enthusiasm of Catholic Europe. Such weapons employed to crush a spiritual power recoil on the hand that wields them. *Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atride.*

THE SNOW STORMS.

WHATEVER may be our fate during the next month or two, the present winter must be memorable for its extreme severity. Already it has caused no small amount of inconvenience, trouble, and suffering, to say nothing of very serious mortality. So far as mere annoyances and pecuniary losses have been concerned, people in London have comparative reason to congratulate themselves. Our pipes may burst, and our ceilings be flooded; we may have to pick our way along pavements where the snow is left to melt, catching violent colds in spite of all our precautions, or occasionally getting an awkward fall; we may have to "burn daylight" through dense yellow fogs, and to regret a melancholy expenditure of temper on some longed-for hamper delayed in transmission. But our sorrows are small compared to those of our friends in the country. Even very near town the disturbance of our ordinary habits of life has always been irritating, and often actually hurt-

ful. When you have settled in a suburban district, calculating on frequent and regular communication with London, it is not agreeable to read an intimation from your Railway Company that, owing to the unexampled rigour of the season, they suspend all responsibility for the punctuality of their train service; although no doubt such forewarning is far better than waiting at your station in hope deferred for a train which never comes. Still it is to be presumed that in such circumstances your business connexions will make allowances for shortcomings for which you are in no way answerable. You may grind on somehow in the habitual routine, although the snow may clog the wheels of life and throw a chill over your pent-up energies. But away in the country communications have been brought to a standstill altogether; plans have been remorselessly upset, trade utterly paralysed, and even districts like the sea-coast of Devonshire which flattered themselves that they enjoyed a Southern temperature have been severed of a sudden from the rest of the country. We believe that Ireland, thanks to the warmth of her seas and the fogs that come floating up from the Atlantic, has been happy in a comparative immunity; so has a great part of Cornwall, perhaps from somewhat similar reasons. But the passes and valleys in the Welsh hills and throughout the West of England generally have been choked in masses of snow. The Southern and South-Eastern counties have been nearly as badly off, and the fall of a single night made a great part of Kent impassable; while the North and Scotland have been going from bad to worse, till their misfortunes culminated in the storm on the night of New Year's Day.

For a long time the minds of men in the country had been troubled by portentous signs. They drew omens from the abnormal appearance and disappearance of birds, which have been fully justified by the results. We heard of congregations of larks passing westwards along our Southern shores in numbers almost unprecedented. Rare visitors turned up in unexpected places, and the shivering strangers received the customary welcome. They were hunted down and bagged; consigned to local bird-stuffers, and chronicled in county journals. Further to the northward, however, signs of this kind might well have been dispensed with, for facts spoke for themselves. There the thermometer was steadily falling, and the frost extending its grasp over lochs and rivers that had only submitted to its influence once or twice in the memory of man. Skaters were traversing the expanse of Loch Lomond, making their way to islands in its centre where the deer are parked and confined by water that answered the purpose of an English paling. Meanwhile snow was falling steadily in the glens and uplands. Thoroughly tamed and scared by starvation, the red deer forgot their natural timidity, and came down in great herds to the lowlands. In wide stretches of forest like Braemar, where there are no lowlands near to descend upon, they had betaken themselves to the summits of the lower hills, where they might be seen scraping away for a livelihood. The wild animals everywhere were pitiable objects enough, but they were by no means the saddest part of the sight. After all, deer-forests cover but a small proportion even of the mountainous districts in Scotland. Great part of the moors in the Highlands, and the whole extent of the hills on the borders, are occupied by sheep-farms. When a storm is setting in, the sheep seem to scent it in the air, and their first instinct is to seek a shelter. Instinctively they huddle themselves away out of the wind in the depths of the glens, and in the overpowering sense of the cold they for a time forget their hunger. But these glens and gorges are the very places where the snow is sure to gather the thickest. The wind sweeps it into wreaths in the nooks where the sheep have taken refuge. At first the covering descends on them with an agreeable warmth, as they draw themselves stupidly together. But the snow goes on accumulating and the wind goes on blowing; the drift gets heaped up thicker and thicker, until the unlucky animals are as likely as not to be suffocated. If the strongest of them manage to force their way out, they are not much the better for it. With the scanty remnants of vegetation buried to a depth of dozens of feet, they find it next to impossible to exist. Should the shepherds not have taken warning in time, and gathered the flocks into the immediate neighbourhood of their sheilings, they can do very little indeed. Most likely they themselves are fast blocked up in their low-roofed little cottages. If they do succeed in forcing the doors, the trackless and impassable waste of snow dazzles their blinking eyes upon every side. Or possibly the broad feathery flakes are falling thickly all about, choking the lungs and clouding the fitful light. The labour of looking after their charge to any purpose is evidently hopeless. Even if habit tells them the points of the compass, they scarcely know in what direction to set out; not to add that the missing sheep are most probably buried out of their sight, and even beyond the scent of their intelligent collies. We can scarcely conceive a more heart-breaking condition than this passive powerlessness of a man who knows that he will be held responsible for everything by a master embittered by unexpected losses; and very likely all the time he and his family may be on short commons, unless he has shown himself exceptionally provident. Nor are the feelings of the sheep-farmer to be envied. He hears nothing from his servants; he has no means of communicating with them; he knows that no news is bad news, and the local paper is filled with fearfully sensational paragraphs. The profits of years of fair prosperity may be swallowed up in the accidents of one disastrous season, and in any case, when he comes to make up his accounts, the balance will indubitably be on the wrong side. To farmers in the lowlands the consequences

will be less serious. But the labourers will be reduced to sore straits in cases where they only earn wages when there is work for them, and they feel the pressure just when they are forced to increase their expenditure. Fortunately, they are better provided with fuel than the inhabitants of districts more favoured in point of climate. Where protracted snow storms are ordinary incidents of the winter, the cottier as a rule has his comfortable peat-stack at the door. But he wants warm clothing all the more, and the cold that stops his work only whets his appetite.

Usually gentlemen and ladies who dwell at ease in towns can only sympathize with the Highland poor by exerting a vigorous strain on the imagination. This winter, however, many of them have gone through a painful personal experience which must have appealed to their feelings the more powerfully because of its novelty. The incidents of the first night of the year stand altogether without precedent in the annals of English or Scottish travelling. In old times an occasional stage-coach might come to grief, but, as a block in a snow storm was one of the ordinary perils of the road, few persons were found to risk it without being in some measure prepared. No one stirred abroad who could stay at home, and there were but few victims of any casualty. But nowadays the country is covered by an all-pervading railway system, and in Scotland the lines have been pushing their branches in all directions through the Highland glens. Trains, as a rule, start regardless of weather, and passengers in roomy weather-tight carriages have learned to defy it. On that unfortunate Friday the departures came off as usual. Indeed there was more passenger traffic than usual, for New Year's Day in Scotland is a great festival; many holiday-makers were out and about, and not a few of the Companies ran excursion trains. We may be sure that this exceptional class of travellers were but indifferently provided with warm wrappings. If they left any garments at home that they might have found serviceable, they had bitter reason to regret it. From the first the trains had to move forward at slackened speed, for the lines were everywhere more or less encumbered. As all of them were falling behind time, stoppages otherwise unnecessary became indispensable. Throughout the day the snow had been coming down as for some time past, but the fall was nothing very serious. It is true that the materials were visibly at hand for aggravating the misadventure that happened subsequently. Snow had been gathering at the sides of the cuttings; the accumulations had been increased artificially where the snow-ploughs had been driven past, and were rising in heaps above the banks on either hand, threatening to descend in miniature avalanches. Towards afternoon the fall thickened, the wind springing up at the same time. After dark matters became infinitely worse. The wind caught the descending masses, and lodged them wherever a bank or a cutting gave them a resting place. The engines slackened till they were brought to a standstill. It was as impossible to back out as to advance. The snow catching against the carriages speedily drifted over them, and in some instances they were buried out of sight altogether. The travellers, where they could, forced their way out, but in some cases escape was worse than useless, for the carriages in which they were imprisoned were the only shelter available. The cold they suffered must have been intense, and as for provisions, they had sometimes to dispense with them. When it was at all practicable, the Companies sent out supplies; but these supplies did not always reach their destination. In one case a consignment of loaves in the goods van came as a godsend to the famished multitude; in another a pig was caught and killed, cooked, and devoured without condiments. When the sufferers succeeded in getting to a station, they were only a degree or so better off, although they made melancholy but highly creditable attempts at a conviviality more in harmony with the season than with the circumstances. We doubt not that all of them will mark that night in their memories with a black stone. Although their sufferings and anxieties fell short of those endured by the wai's washed up from the *Cospatrick* and *La Plata*, yet we fear they must have been quite severe enough to do irreparable injury to many constitutions. Notwithstanding the present happy change in the temperature, it is by no means impossible that something of the kind may recur before we are well out of a winter that threatened at one time to be of extraordinary severity. Should there be any signs of it, the Companies will do well to profit by experience, and victual their trains; but in any case travellers will be wise to take the needful precautions for a bivouac in the wilderness.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

IT is not possible to give too much attention to the subject of Life Assurance. A paper by Mr. Sprague, read at the Belfast meeting of the British Association and afterwards published (by MacLaren and Macniven, Edinburgh), commenced a discussion on the Causes of Insolvency in Life Assurance Companies which has continued to the present time. Mr. Sprague's paper, however, only treats the subject in general terms, and for useful details we may conveniently refer to a pamphlet by Mr. G. W. Knott on "Solvent Life Offices and Others" (published at 147 Strand), who has tabulated some of the most important figures of the returns made by Life Assurance Companies to the Board of Trade. When we have thus got the figures, certain rough tests may be applied, and the Companies which satisfy them may be considered solvent,

although it does not necessarily follow that the Companies which do not satisfy these tests are insolvent. It has been proposed by an actuary to put these questions:—(1) Has the office an accumulated fund of a million sterling? (2) Are the expenses more than ten per cent. of premium income? But it is manifest that an office just starting into life cannot have a million sterling unless capital has been subscribed to that amount; and it seems to be conceded that during the first year of existence the premium income may possibly be reasonably swallowed up in expenses. If, therefore, these two tests were to be rigidly applied, the result would be that no new office could start; and yet the offices which have been prudently and prosperously conducted for forty, fifty, or a hundred years were young once, and those who insured in them must have done so in reliance upon the character and position of those who founded them. The same inducements may reasonably operate now; but in the absence of special knowledge of, and confidence in, the founders of a new office, it would be prudent to resort to one of the old offices which answer tests generally allowed to be sufficient.

The returns made to the Board of Trade may be consulted either in the official Blue-book or in some cheap and portable reprint of it such as that before us (T. Murby, 32 Bouverie Street); and, besides, the Companies generally supply on application the same information as is contained in these volumes. Having ascertained the premium income of a Company, the amount of its policies may be taken at thirty-three times that income, and the invested capital ought to be at least one-fourth of this amount, or (say) eight times the premium income. Unless an old office satisfies this test we should not, as a general rule, insure in it, even if it satisfies the more simple test of having a million sterling of invested capital. There are 15 offices, of each of which the premium income exceeds 200,000*l.*, while the total premium income of them all amounts to 43 per cent. of the whole sum paid annually for life insurance, and which therefore may be conveniently called offices of the first class. Eight of these offices have assets amounting to or exceeding one-fourth, or 25 per cent. of their liabilities, and considerably exceeding one million. Out of these 8 offices there are 5 which satisfy the second test above proposed, as their expenses are less than 10 per cent. of premium income, and 2 others nearly satisfy it. There are 27 offices, which we will call the second class, having a premium income below 200,000*l.*, and not less than 100,000*l.*, and 20 of these offices satisfy the first test, having assets exceeding 25 per cent. of their liabilities. Of these 20 offices only 6 strictly satisfy the second test, but at least 10 others very nearly satisfy it, as the expenses of no one of them exceed 12 per cent. of its premium income. In what we will call the third class—that is, offices having a premium income below 100,000*l.*, and not less than 50,000*l.*—there are 8 whose assets exceed 25 per cent. of liabilities, although only 5 of these have assets exceeding one million. Among these 8 offices we find not one that strictly satisfies the second test, but all nearly satisfy it, as the expenses of one of them slightly exceed 12 per cent. of its premium income, and the expenses of the other 7 offices are under 12 per cent. We may say, therefore, that there are 7 offices in the first class, 16 in the second, and 8 in the third, which sufficiently satisfy both tests; so that there are 31 offices which, in the absence of special knowledge to the contrary, must be regarded as satisfactory, and there are no doubt others as to which the possession of special knowledge would lead to the same conclusion. Among offices which fall conspicuously short of these tests is the Briton, of which much has been said lately. In this office the percentage of assets to liabilities is only 8, while the percentage of expenses to premium income is 17. In the case of another office, the Prudential, the percentage of assets to liabilities is only 4, while the percentage of expenses to premium income is 46. We refer for certainty to the return furnished by this office to the Board of Trade for the year 1873, and we find that for that year the premium income was 458,000*l.*, while the expenses exceeded 213,000*l.*, and the assets are stated at 555,000*l.* This office, we are told, is “largely industrial,” and much of its premiums appears to be collected weekly by salaried agents. This perhaps would be adduced in explanation of the high percentage of expenses; but, however that may be, the fact remains that this “largely industrial” office answers least satisfactorily of all the large offices to the proposed tests. It should be added that this office was established in 1848, so that it has hardly yet reached its most trying time.

It may be convenient to tabulate the figures to which we have referred, and it must be distinctly understood that our division into classes refers only to the amount of premium income, and has no bearing on the question of stability. This being premised, the figures are as follows:—

CLASS I.—Offices with Premium Income of 200,000*l.* and over:—

Date of Establishment.	Percentage of Assets to Liabilities.	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income.
1823 ... Law Life	55	77
1806 ... London Life Association ...	35	34
1823 ... Economic	34	85
1815 ... Scottish Widows' Fund ...	32	115
1807 ... Eagle	31	93
1835 ... National Provident	30	83
1837 ... Scottish Provident	25	125

CLASS II.—Offices with Premium Income below 200,000*l.*, but not less than 100,000*l.*:—

Date of Establishment.	Percentage of Assets to Liabilities.	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income.
1762 ... Equitable	65	5
1806 ... Rock	60	93
1808 ... Norwich Union	42	11
1836 ... Hand-in-Hand	35	75
1721 ... London Assurance	40	(not shown)
1807 ... West of England	38	11
1810 ... Sun	38	136
1829 ... Clergy Mutual	37	5
1836 ... Legal and General	37	112
1821 ... Guardian	35	108
1721 ... Royal Exchange	35	106
1806 ... Provident	34	118
1824 ... Clerical, Medical, and General ...	34	102
1835 ... Metropolitan	32	54
1831 ... Scottish Equitable	30	97
1826 ... Scottish Amicable	29	114
1825 ... Crown	28	143
1823 ... Edinburgh	27	162
1845 ... Equity and Law	26	103
1834 ... Universal	25	112

As regards the London Assurance Corporation, the account for 1873 merely states that the expenses of management are “charged to profit and loss account.”

CLASS III.—Offices with Premium Income below 100,000*l.*, but not less than 50,000*l.*:—

Date of Establishment.	Percentage of Assets to Liabilities.	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income.
1825 ... University	44	106
1832 ... Friends' Provident	42	118
1797 ... Pelican	41	122
1808 ... Atlas	40	111
1820 ... Imperial	33	119
1830 ... National	31	117
1834 ... Mutual	30	116
1824 ... Alliance	27	118

We have taken these figures from Mr. Knott's pamphlet, with some corrections. The returns to the Board of Trade do not give the amounts of liabilities, but they may be obtained with sufficient accuracy by multiplying the premium income by 33.

It should be observed that four offices—namely, the Equitable, London Life Association, Clergy Mutual, and Metropolitan—do not allow commission, and another office, the National, has discontinued the payment of commission. These offices, therefore, are removed from what is sometimes a temptation to accept unsound lives. We find, however, that Mr. Sprague thinks that the acceptance of damaged lives has contributed to recent failures “only in a small degree.” Excessive expense in conducting business has been, in his opinion, the real and efficient cause of the insolvencies that have occurred “and of those which are now impending.” It seems fair to add that life assurance is a good thing, and those who diffuse its benefits deserve encouragement, and the most effectual encouragement is probably a commission. More than half the expenses of the Law Life Office is for commission, and yet that office holds a position of unsurpassed stability. On the other hand, it is hardly necessary to remark that the cost of commission ultimately falls, in one shape or another, on the assured.

The Report of Assistant-Secretaries to the Board of Trade upon the accounts and statements of the Companies contained in the Blue-book for 1873 offers some useful remarks; but it may be hoped that hereafter these officers will venture to say that which well-instructed actuaries can only think. The published returns contain at least *prima facie* ground for requiring further information as to certain Companies, and the Assistant-Secretaries understand their business too well to be deceived by any plausible contrivance of “valuing up.” The Appendix to this Report gives the names and dates of establishment of all the Companies, the amounts of premium income for the year, the proportion of expenses to premium income, and the amount of assets. It does not give the amount of liabilities, and it omits therefore the comparison between assets and liabilities which is so valuable in Mr. Knott's tables. If it did contain these two additional columns, it would be the cheapest and most authoritative book of reference for insurers. We should observe, however, that this Appendix, being founded on “the Blue-book for 1873,” contains the figures furnished by the Companies in respect of the year 1872, while, at least as regards some Companies, Mr. Knott had before him the figures of their accounts for 1873. Thus the best that can be said for the Assistant-Secretaries is that they are slow and sure.

The greater part of the Report of the Assistant-Secretaries is occupied with a discussion of the principle on which the valuations required by the Act of 1870 should be made. It scarcely needs argument to show that the same rate of mortality and rate of interest should be adopted in all these valuations. This discussion, however, is rather beyond ordinary readers, who only want to see their way to security. The Report also contains a few remarks of general interest. It deduces from the figures of the Appendix that of each pound entrusted to them by the assured, some Companies spend as little as 1*s.*, others spend 2*s.* 6*d.*, others 5*s.*, others 10*s.*, others the whole, and a few not only do

this, but get into debt. "In some instances, at least, the proportion year by year absorbed is so great that the Companies can in no sense be said to exist for the benefit of those who insure in them."

THE BLOOMSBURY BLACK HOLE.

THE death of Mr. Warren, one of the principal assistants in the Library of the British Museum, has again directed attention to the extremely unwholesome, and even dangerous, conditions under which a great part of the staff of that institution have to do their work. It has been asserted that the disease from which Mr. Warren died was aggravated, if not produced, by the poisonous effect of the foul air in which he was compelled to labour for many hours a day; and the account which has been given by a medical journal of the room in which he had to sit would seem to render this conjecture not improbable. The room is described as "a windowless kind of tank, lighted by skylights." It is situated on the ground-floor of the Library, and is warmed by currents of heated air. The chief transcriber and some twenty or thirty assistants work here together, and during the winter months the air is said to become quite fetid in consequence of the close artificial heat and the breath of the people employed. At times the closeness becomes so suffocating and oppressive that the inmates are glad to open the windows, and to brave the cold air which pours in upon them directly from the outside. Even in the gallery on the ordinary first-floor of the Museum the air, we are told, is very trying, and people who sit there feel it severely. "They often gasp for breath; their temples throb; the skin on the forehead feels tense; nausea is often felt; the hands and feet are cold." If things are as bad as this in the upper atmosphere, what must it be in the lower? It is added that the men employed in the Library become morbidly sensitive to cold, and that the amount of sickness among the junior assistants is alarming. Several have died; others are said to be evidently suffering from the effects of the malaric air which they have to breathe and the violent changes of temperature to which they are exposed. It is known that Mr. Deutsch used to complain bitterly of the cruel want of the most ordinary comforts in the Library, and to relate the desperate and tedious struggle he had to make before he could get even a mat for his feet. And now Mr. Warren has followed Mr. Deutsch. It is true that Mr. Deutsch was in delicate health, and perhaps Mr. Warren was not very strong. But it is monstrous that the arrangements in a public institution should be of such a nature that only persons in the very rudest state of health, and with iron constitutions, are able to bear up against the trials to which they are thus subjected.

It should be observed that there is, under ordinary circumstances, nothing necessarily unhealthy in the work of keeping the catalogue of a library. The conditions under which the assistants at the British Museum have to labour to the injury of their health are purely artificial. These unfortunate men are doomed to habitual personal discomfort and to frequent sickness, which now and then terminates fatally, simply because sanitary considerations are deliberately ignored in the apartments in which they are set to work. We are quite aware of the difficulty of warming and ventilating a building so as to suit everybody's taste, and we have no doubt that, whatever might be done in the case of the Museum Library, there would still be some people who would think it too hot, and others who would complain of its being too cold. But the allegations which have been made in regard to the accommodation for transcribers and other assistants go far beyond the question of an agreeable temperature. What is asserted—and the evidence in support of the assertion would seem to be very strong—is that the condition of the rooms is not merely uncomfortable, but seriously injurious to health. Those who have visited the general reading-room of the British Museum are perhaps able to form some opinion on this question. It is a hall of large dimensions, surmounted by a spacious dome, and even when readers are most numerous they are never very closely crowded together. Yet in the winter the air soon after noon becomes heavy, close, and sickly, and a sense of headache and oppression is produced. This is a point which any one can test for himself, and we believe that many persons suffer from this hot-house atmosphere. It may be conceived, therefore, if the air of this large, lofty, and not unduly crowded hall is so bad, what must be the state of a comparatively small and low apartment on the ground-floor containing some twenty or thirty people. It is possible that there may be some little exaggeration in the accounts which have been given of this accommodation, but it rarely happens that there is a series of complaints so strong, consistent, and sustained as in this case, without a substantial foundation for it. It is clear at least that the subject demands an immediate and thorough examination. Nobody ought to be kept at work in a place which is injurious to health; and it may be added that the class of men who are apparently suffering in this instance are peculiarly deserving of consideration. The sort of work which they have to do requires qualifications of a superior and special kind, and it is very poorly paid. A more liberal scale of remuneration may perhaps some day be adopted; but, in the nature of things, we suspect the scale will always be somewhat low relatively to that which can be earned in a more active and enterprising career. The Museum is a place for quiet, steady, studious men, who for various reasons prefer a life of comparative repose to one of bustling conflict and ambition.

They make their choice, and there is of course no reason why they should be paid more than the market value of their services. On the other hand, however, as a matter not merely of justice and good feeling, but of genuine economy, it would surely be worth while for their employers to treat them with a more liberal measure of personal consideration. There are some things which men of a certain stamp value above mere money; and as the Trustees get the assistants in the Library very cheap, they might at least afford to deal with them generously in other respects. It would cost very little to provide comfortable, well-furnished, and properly ventilated rooms in which they could do their work; and if even a sickly or dyspeptic assistant desired a mat or a cushion, it might be accorded without an unseemly contest. Nor should it be impossible to make some arrangement by which a little wholesome food could be obtained during the day without quitting the building.

And this brings us to a question which concerns not only the official staff of the Museum, but the general body of readers and frequenters of the institution. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that between the clean, spruce, attractive-looking rooms at South Kensington and the dull, shabby, depressing formal galleries at Bloomsbury, with their mangy stuffed beasts, with the straw sometimes sticking out of them, and the inartistic array of curiosities in monotonous glass-cases. Moreover, at the former visitors have a choice of good and cheap refreshments at a number of counters conveniently distributed throughout the building. There can be no doubt that the physical support thus obtained is a necessary and agreeable consolation to human weakness, and it is probable that those who take advantage of it are afterwards all the more sensitive in their appreciation of artistic beauties. At the British Museum, on the other hand, the only attainable refreshment is the pump-water to which you can help yourself with a ladle at the door; and fatigued and famished students and sightseers have either to pursue their researches in a state of exhaustion by no means conducive either to close attention or good temper, or try their fortune at the taverns outside. It is needless to say that for women and children, who cannot go to public-houses, the absence of a refreshment-place inside the Museum is really a cruel infliction, and it is all the more so because it is wantonly and stupidly imposed. It is impossible to conceive why the British Museum should not be made as bright, pleasant, and convenient a resort as the Museum of Science and Art. They are both national institutions, intended for the use of the public in the largest sense. There is no reason why literature and natural history should be divorced from the amenities of existence, or why a glass of ale and a bun should be regarded as incompatible with due attention to old books or old bones. We have certainly never committed ourselves to blind admiration of Mr. Cole's methods of procedure; but we cannot help wishing that he might be employed for a short time on the institution at Bloomsbury. We suspect he would make quick work with a good many cobwebs in that venerable establishment. The Natural History collection will probably be brushed up a bit when it goes to Brompton; but it is perhaps even more necessary that the departments which will remain behind should adapt themselves to modern ideas of comfort and convenience. In any case the officials of the Library ought not to be shut up, as they appear to be at present, in "tanks" of foul air. It is possible that a thorough investigation of this question might suggest reasons for a reorganization of a wider kind.

STATISTICS MADE BEAUTIFUL.

THE march of intellect has abolished the Bellman's verses, and we may be thankful that the Editor of the *Publishers' Circular* has provided a substitute adapted to our improved age. He comes forward at this season with a survey of the book trade of the past year, and, on the principle that he who feeds fat oxen should himself be fat, he feels bound in writing about literature to display his own literary skill. We showed some time ago that the passion for fine writing had infected the police force, and we fear that soon even the fact that grey shirtings are dull will be reported from the East in ornamental phraseology. The Editor of this *Circular* talks of the "fore-front and beginning of the year" as if he were writing for somebody else at a penny a line. He explains that, "by an unvarying law, the flowers of literature follow the circling seasons of the year, and blow and bloom according to order, and chiefly in the wintry months." He might carry this idea further by comparing the critics, who sometimes nip these flowers in the bud, to the gust of an East wind, and himself to an itinerant gardener who cries his flowers "all a-blowing and a-growing" through the streets. He seems to argue that, because many books come out in winter, therefore the more wintry it is the more books will appear. "The present cold season should be a good one for the consumption of literature," and no doubt many books were used to light fires during the frost. Paper, machinery, labour, and ink have all risen in price, and therefore books have become dearer, and "dearness, by a natural law, means scarcity." Accordingly he announces a fall of nearly a hundred and fifty volumes in the first item on his list, "Theology, Sermons, and Biblical Treatises." Thus, he says, "there is a natural rule and order in the production of books as of men"—a statement which we take leave to controvert. Books, it seems, cease to appear when they are not wanted; but a curate's children come only the faster the less

money there is to pay for them. He thinks that some persons will wickedly rejoice in the decrease of biblical and theological publications; and certainly, if any persons do so rejoice, they must be wicked, for they need not read these publications, and they must know that many industrious men make a living by them. For his part, he laments this decrease particularly because, "according to the rule of natural selection, the stupidest are the most hardy." Here his comparison of books to men seems to hold good. Stupidity in man is invincible, and, according to the German saying, the Gods contend in vain against it. Perhaps the same quality in books makes them indestructible. "Born a Goddess, dulness never dies." This vitality of stupid books explains to his satisfaction why the higher class theology has been less abundant. And he finds another and more conclusive reason. Clever books do not appear because there are no men clever enough to write them. Theology to be effective must chiefly concern itself about science, and scientific theology requires, he thinks, some time to grow. Darwinism, he says, has overthrown the seat of Moses, and it is not surprising to him that people decline to be bound by the decrees of Moses. We have not the least notion what the seat of Moses was, or when Darwin overthrew it. If anybody can answer the famous question, "Where was Moses when the candle was out?" that person may perhaps be able to restore his overturned seat, and protect it hereafter against the subversive tendencies of Darwin. We are gratified to learn that, notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, the stupidity of current writers, "scepticism has on the whole been badly beaten in the outworks" of theology. But now an attack is preparing on the whole structure, and this must be met, not by a literary, but a scientific, theology, which, "in the present condition of our Universities," cannot be immediately forthcoming. It appears to follow that in the year now beginning wicked persons will find occasion to rejoice in a further decrease of theological publications.

In novels, tales, and other fictions, which he classes as "works of mere imagination," there has not been so marked a decrease as in theology. "The ladies, who supply the greater part of our novels, are abundantly productive." He does not suggest, nor do we, that his theory of the survival of the stupidest is applicable here. There were 522 new novels or tales in 1874 as against 507 in 1873. "There is only, as a cynic might remark, a paltry gain of 15." If a cynic made any remark at all on the subject of new novels, it would probably be that the so-called gain was a loss. But though in fiction there is a decrease, it is compensated by an increase in "useful literature." And there is also an increase in "that thoughtful and didactic style of writing which the great success of one or two books, the names of which will be easily recalled, has brought into fashion." If stupidity is not fully engaged in defending the outworks of theology, it may possibly read and puzzle over this sentence, which the writer has kindly explained by specifying "Essays, Belles-Lettres, and Monographs" as a class of books which has increased by twenty-two volumes. Finally, he bids us be thankful for small mercies; which precept, in its application to novels, we venture to accept in the sense of thankfulness that the mercy is no bigger.

In the rest of his list he notes a decrease, "not serious, not alarming, and by no means to be deplored." He explains it by the increase of public libraries and the quietude of the political year. In libraries books can be read without buying them; so his first cause of decrease is readily intelligible. But the consideration of his second cause raises a problem of great difficulty. The quietude or excitement of the political year depends upon Mr. Gladstone; and what astronomer can calculate the movements of that erratic star? A pamphlet by him is certain to call forth twenty answers, and if these literary flowers have bloomed lately in some abundance, we should ascribe them, not to the coldness of the weather, but to the warmth of Mr. Gladstone's zeal. We are further told that in medicine and surgery—"very important branches of practical science"—there has been a decrease. It would be interesting to know whether any principle analogous to that of the survival of the stupidest among theologians prevails in reference to physicians. If the decrease has been in that class of medical and surgical books which are written to advertise the authors, we can be thankful for a mercy by no means small. Neither can we regret that "young and suckling periodicals" have not found the air of 1874 agree with them. Many of them, as this writer pathetically says, "are born but to die." But "we do not miss any old favourites" among serials, and it would be inconvenient to inquire to what quality they owe their endurance. In poetry and the drama the decline continues. "Few people now are bold enough to publish a romantic play or historical drama, but poets of the lyric kind will have their utterances," and so we might add will statisticians of the florid kind. "The muse has been less prolific by eighteen hantlings in 1874 than in 1873." It is possible that some of those who might have been "poets of the lyric kind" are more profitably engaged in writing leaders for the *Daily Telegraph*. The muse, if there be one who makes statistics beautiful, has probably a regular engagement upon that journal, and only inspires the present writer as a by-job. It is really lamentable that hardly anybody nowadays can tell a plain story in a plain way. Works relating to Political and Social Economy, Trade and Commerce, cannot be simply mentioned as having decreased in number without the remark that they are "a very thoughtful and important branch of literature in which John Bull and his *confères* take great interest." This introduction of a French word can only be paralleled by the butler's announcement in

Punch that the *ongtrays* are coming in for the kitchen dinner. Time was when John Bull would have fought anybody who associated him with *confères* or any such low company. If the series of International Exhibitions had not closed, we should certainly have recommended this writer for employment in the compilation of Official Catalogues. He tells us that in Juvenile Works "there is a decrease of forty *exemplaires*, as our neighbours say." It is saddening to think that a year must elapse before this writer can enjoy such another opportunity of ventilating his French. He ought to have gone to Paris with the Lord Mayor, as he would be certain to impress Frenchmen with admiration for the linguistic talent of the citizens of London. Almost in the next sentence he goes in for Latin. He says that the indignation which *facit versus* has been wanting in the last year, and so there has been a decrease in the number of published books. "But the tide which ebbs now will flow again," and when he "chronicles" increase we shall see what we shall see in literary style.

On the whole, there has been a decrease on the year of 366 works. The *Publishers' Circular* shows 4,625 in 1874 as against 4,991 in the previous year. The editor does not regret this decrease as unnatural or lamentable, nor do we. The past year, he says, has been one of rest, and as this rest has been general, he does not fear the result of his own statistics. If he said that the year had been one of rest on the part of writers and thankfulness on the part of critics and readers, he would not perhaps be far wrong. The public have been, he says, "quiescent and satisfied," and authors and publishers yield to the general feeling. It is clear that a Conservative Government came in and there was a decrease in books published in 1874. We do not say that there is any connexion of cause and effect between these two facts, and we do not say that there is not. But in some branches of literature, at all events, the decrease in production has been satisfactory; and if Mr. Disraeli's Ministry could guarantee us a mitigation of the plague of trashy novels, the temptation to partisanship would be difficult to resist.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THIS sixth Winter Exhibition, though not without special interest of its own, is hardly of the merit and importance of its predecessors. We have never before encountered so many doubtful, not to say spurious, "Old Masters," and we have seldom met with such laughable errors in description. Where, except in the Royal Academy of England, could we have anticipated that a figure of St. Catherine, made all the more palpable by the presence of the broken wheel, should be entered in the official Catalogue as the "Queen of the Gipsies" (130)? But nowadays "Gipsies" are more familiar in studios than "Saints." The Academy shirks the duties incident to its high position when it declares openly that it "can accept no responsibility as to the authenticity of the pictures." Was there no responsibility when three years ago a spurious Turner—"Italy"—was hung as a centre on the line? And can there be no responsibility in face of the fact that a multitude of pictures, originally imported into England with conjectural or illegitimate pedigrees, acquire a surreptitious value in the market by being hung in Burlington House? In all matters it is proverbially difficult to know where to stop, or at what point to draw the line. It would seem, at all events, evident that pictures in the hands of dealers for sale should be inadmissible; and accordingly the Academicians accept the "responsibility" of excluding the auctioneering element. Yet we notice a growing tendency to admit works which recently have been, or soon may be, in the market, coming, not from ancestral galleries, but from people who may possibly have discovered a Titian in some such place as the Seven Dials. In fact, if care be not taken, if no "responsibility" be assumed, the Old Masters in the Academy may at last take rank with those in a notorious, or perhaps only fabulous, Gallery in New York, where, it is said, only the master-works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, of Titian and Correggio, were permitted to enter.

The present exhibition in itself, and in comparison with its predecessors, stands as follows. The number of works now hung amounts to 269, which is about the same as in 1870 and in 1872; but in the year 1871, owing in part to the wholesale importation of Earl Dudley's Gallery, the total rose to 426; while last year, from exceptional considerations, the exclusively Landseer exhibition numbered 532 products. The medium struck this year is a happy one; the walls escape being either crowded or bare, and but few pictures are placed beyond easy sight. The wise practice of giving express illustration to one or more deceased Academicians is continued. The first year was devoted to Leslie and Stanfield; this season Callcott and Maclise are made prominent; Cotman, of "the Norwich school," is also forced up as well worthy of study. Etty was abandoned for the present in consequence partly of some difficulty in obtaining from Edinburgh the large Joan of Arc pictures. Another point for observation is the admission into the arena of deceased Continental painters in the persons of men no less memorable than Géricault and Décamp. The innovation may be accepted gladly; the more the gathering of the illustrious dead is made cosmopolitan the better. Almost as a matter of course, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner are present in a strength which implies all but inexhaustible resources. Hogarth also is again represented in well-known works of which the world can never grow weary. Altogether, the collection brings

out with unwonted advantage the characteristics of the English, or, more strictly speaking, of the British, school, the masters on this occasion being divided between the three sister kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. These insular products constitute one-half of the entire collection. Flanders furnishes usual supplies from the easels of Rubens and Vandyck; Spain stands well in choice examples of Zurbaran and Velazquez. The weakness of the collection is in the Italian, Dutch, and German schools. The chief contributors are the Queen, the Earl of Yarborough, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Bristol, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Sutherland, Sir W. Miles, Mr. W. Graham, Mr. Levy, Mr. K. D. Hodgson, and Mr. Woolner, R.A. The total number of contributors is one hundred and ten. This is above the average of former years. In art, as in politics, as the standard of qualification is lowered, the number of the constituency is naturally augmented.

We will commence with some early Italian masters, grouped in congenial company in Gallery No. IV. The interest of this small collection is hardly diminished by the doubts which beset its authenticity. Let us begin with a remarkable composition, "The Virgin rising from the Tomb; St. Buonaventura and St. Francis in Adoration" (187). The empty sepulchre looks gay, according to tradition, with bright flowers, and above, in mid sky, is borne upwards the Madonna, in an elliptical glory of prismatic colours, traversed by golden rays. This characteristic manifestation of early Christian art is a well-accredited work in the choice collection of Mr. Fuller Maitland; but a question may be reasonably raised as to its authorship. It was once engraved as a creation by Giotto, which certainly it is not; in the present catalogue it is ascribed to Fra Angelico, to whom it has also been assigned by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, under the erroneous designation of "An Entombment of the Virgin." We will venture on still a third conjecture; we incline to think that the composition belongs to the early school of Siena; we have recently seen in the churches and Gallery of that city works in cognate styles, which severally bear the names of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Bartolo di Fredi, Fungai, Pacehiorotti, and Sano di Pietro. Here certainly the types correspond less to Fra Angelico than to this sister spiritual school of Siena; moreover the treatment of the gold ground, with the gold ornamentation on the draperies, embossed and glazed over, is expressly in the manner of Siena. At all events it is interesting to note so close an approximation between the schools of Angelico and of Siena, that the one may be mistaken for the other; each had a deep religious feeling, a sense of unearthly beauty, an exquisite eye for colour, which sometimes was used symbolically, and a delicate handling that dwelt lovingly with tender forms and subtle harmonies. Also to Mr. Fuller Maitland we are indebted for another interesting, not to say eccentric, exposition of Christian art, strangely and unaccountably described in the Catalogue as a "Subject Uncertain" (181). The "subject," which speaks for itself, has been, in fact, explicitly set forth in the Catalogue of the Manchester Art Treasures, also in the volumes of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle; the picture is likewise mentioned by Dr. Waagen; the painter is Cosimo Rosselli. The Saviour on the Cross, surrounded by angels and seraphs, crowned and in a long black jewelled dress, stands on the Sacramental Cup; the cross is floriated and of a deep blue; St. John the Baptist and St. Dominic kneel on the left; St. Peter Martyr and St. Jerome are on the right; the figures are life-size; the picture is in tempera, and formerly was in the Solly Collection; it is in parts restored. Cosimo Rosselli was a fairly good artist of the second order; he is supposed to have been a fellow-worker with Benozzo Gozzoli, possibly even in the Campo Santo of Pisa; his fresco in the Sistine Chapel of "Christ's Sermon on the Mount" has been engraved in outline both in Kugler and Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The *chef-d'œuvre* now exhibited is important in Christian iconography; observe the heavy draping of the figure on the cross, with singular accessories. The picture was painted in the fifteenth century, but this treatment of a draped crucifix, dating back to prior centuries, had then become obsolete in the art of the Western Church. The Eastern Church continued to add drapery long after the Western had adopted the nude. The composition, which possibly is that described by Vasari as in the church of S. Marco, Florence, stands as a solecism and an anachronism, and yet on these accounts it becomes all the more suggestive of speculation.

The eccentric genius of Fra Filippo Lippi manifests its lawlessness in a circular crowded and incongruous composition, "The Adoration of the Infant Saviour" (184), otherwise "The Worship of the Kings," described fully by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle when in the Barker Collection. In the National Gallery we find the same subject treated in a like festive and decorative manner by Filippino Lippi, the reputed son of Fra Filippo. In Italy we also recall pictures by Benozzo Gozzoli similar in type of face, in exuberance of materials, and in bright joyousness of colour. In this anomalous compound, in fact, there are points of contact with the religious school of Angelico; and how strangely the carnal style of this ill-conditioned monk was at one time infused with spiritualism we have a pleasing example in "The Annunciation" in the National Gallery. As was the man, so was his art—impetuous, ill-governed, out of balance, and indeed sometimes wholly discordant, if not repellent, as may be seen in the composition before us, and also in the noble, yet ignoble, frescoes in the cathedrals of Prato and of Spoleto. In whatever this artist essayed, whether "The Coronation

of the Virgin," which we have recently seen in Spoleto, or "The Dance before Herod," in Prato, or "The Worship of the Kings," now in the Academy, we find a fierce tempestuous spirit, a prodigality of imagination; the subject is oppressed by crowding and distracting episodes; beauty is brought into strange fellowship with ugliness; a religious ceremony degenerates into a rout, and the procession of the three Kings might be mistaken for a caravan or a menagerie at a country fair. In the picture before us, what is specially incongruous, and indeed comic, is a company of nude youths, who, apparently in hot haste, have rushed out from their beds to see the sight, their curiosity setting decency at defiance. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle commend these figures as showing "a great proficiency in rendering the nude." It will be seen that we have not given credence to the plausible, and by no means impossible, conjecture that the picture in the Academy and that of the "Annunciation" in the National Gallery are not by Fra Filippo Lippi, but by a certain pupil and imitator, Pesellino. We remember to have had a conversation with Sir Charles Eastlake on this moot point, and the verdict given by him was in favour of Lippi, to whom therefore, all things considered, let the two pictures continue to be accredited until proof is given to the contrary. Scarcely calling for comment are a couple of minor, though not unmeritorious, pictures, the one "The Virgin and Child with Angels" (185), by Fra Filippo Lippi, the other "The Virgin and Child" (189), by Filippino Lippi. Neither need we dwell on so dubious a performance as the "Portrait of Count Sassetti and his Son" (188); the heads may be worthy of Domenico Ghirlandaio, but not the hands; nor can much be said to the advantage of the "Flight into Egypt" (183); at all events certain passages bungling in execution cannot be affiliated on Mantegna, a master who reduced his art almost to scientific accuracy.

The school of Milan is illustrated by some few minor examples. "The Baptism of Christ" (190) displays more than the usual mannerism of Luini; the surface is smooth and soft to a fault; the heads have apparently suffered from repainting; but there still remain the grace and beauty which seldom forsake the scholars of Da Vinci. Some assign the work not to Luini, but to Lanini. The "Ecce Homo" (170), ascribed to Solario, might be equally well set down to half a dozen other painters, Italian or Spanish. In the "Portrait of a Young Man" (171) we recognize the nobility, decision, and deeply-shadowed thought which characterize Beltraccio, a distinguished citizen of Milan, who took to art from the love of it. His works are scarce; the National Gallery boasts of a "Madonna and Child"; the type is noble, the artist's style is solemnized by thought and emotion, kept however in almost monumental immobility. We would gladly have seen from Leigh Court the "Salvator Mundi," otherwise the "Creator Mundi," long assigned to Da Vinci, but now by some transferred to Beltraccio. Why this soul-moving head has never come to the Academy Exhibition we cannot conceive; Sir William Miles spared his famous Claudes, and he now contributes no less than eight pictures. We shall still hope to see in Burlington House this masterpiece of the Milanese school—a school which stands apart in the abstraction and generalization which settle into ideal types of ennobled humanity.

Andrea del Sarto, the son of a tailor, as the name implies, is a master whose popularity-seeking pictures are not only met with in Florence, his native city, but have become widely diffused throughout the Galleries of Europe. No artist is more unequal; many of his works sink into mere shop-wares. In "The Holy Family" (172) the contrasts of lights, shades, and colours are forced up coarsely; the subject has been several times repeated with variations. The head of St. Joseph is said to be the portrait of Fra Bartolomeo, who is known to have influenced the earlier works of Del Sarto. On the other hand, "The Virgin and Child with St. John" (168) seems to bear out the statement that Andrea caught inspiration from Michael Angelo's "Cartoon of Pisa." In the swelling forms we recognize the grandiose manner of the Roman school. We can scarcely give credence to the assumption that "St. Sebastian" (178) is from the hand of Raffaele. That the panel bears an inscription stating precisely by whom and for whom the picture was painted will go for little with persons who know that such credentials are often later additions. It is said that original drawings exist for this figure; but on what authority are they identified with Raffaele? The picture ranks as a product of the school of Perugino; it is scarcely worthy of that truly great painter, still less of his pupil Raffaele. This we venture to state after a recent tour through Central Italy, in which we have renewed acquaintance with about one hundred pictures by Pietro Perugino. On the whole, it will be judged that we think rather slightly of the labours of the purveyors for this collection. Royal Academicians would seem to possess even less knowledge of historic art than is generally suspected, and unless more critical discrimination can be brought to the selection and rejection of "Old Masters," these Winter Exhibitions will fall into discredit.

REVIEWS.

GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

THIS *Short History of the English People* is a single volume of the modest dimensions and unpretending appearance of a

* *A Short History of the English People.* By J. R. Green, M.A., Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford. With Maps and Tables. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

school-book; but the wealth of material, of learning, thought, and fancy which the author has lavished upon it might easily have supplied a stately library work of some eight or ten volumes. Perhaps what most strikes one on a first perusal is its character of freshness and originality. Some previous knowledge, some time and attention, may be required rightly to appreciate the extent of Mr. Green's historical scholarship, or the depth and thoughtfulness of his comments on historical events; but the most indolent reader can hardly take it up without finding that he has lighted upon a book which is never commonplace and never dull. History as Mr. Green treats it is no mere record of the doings of kings and queens, warriors and statesmen, of the movements of armies, the provisions of treaties, or even of the enactment of laws and the growth of constitutions, although to these last the author devotes much of his space. In his hands it dwells more on the labours of Piers Plowman than on the knights of Froissart, and gives as much thought to the villain at his toil and the craftsman in his guild as to the baron in his hall. "If," he says in his preface, "some of the conventional figures of military and political history occupy in my pages less than the space usually given them, it is because I have had to find a place for figures little heeded in common history—the figures of the missionary, the poet, the printer, the merchant, or the philosopher." His aim, in short, is represented by his title. The book "is a history, not of English Kings or English Conquests, but of the English People." Instead of starting with Cæsar and the Britons, familiar to us all from early childhood, the first thing we are told is that "for the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself"; and we are carried off to Sleswick, there to trace the political and social organization of Angle, Jute, and Saxon, before ever they trod British ground. This, accompanied by a masterly sketch of the condition of Britain under the Romans, is the preamble to English history, which begins with "the landing of Hengest and his war-band at Ebbsfleet on the shores of the Isle of Thanet." The thread of history, in the common sense of the word, is often slight, sometimes almost too slight for clearness; but throughout, religious, intellectual, and social movements are fully entered into and explained. From a section devoted to King John and the Great Charter we pass to one on the Universities in the thirteenth century, and are bidden to mark how their spirit of democracy threatened feudalism, and their spirit of intellectual inquiry threatened the Church. The account of the First Edward's conquest of Wales is prefaced by a sketch of the poetry of the Welsh bards. In his tastes and sympathies Mr. Green is what it is the fashion to call "catholic" and "many-sided." He can enter alike into the song of the Teutonic Cædmon or the Celtic Gwalchmai; he can appreciate equally a Begging Friar, a Puritan soldier, or a Wesleyan preacher; he can understand the influence alike of the revival of learning or of the translation of the Bible. The extent to which the Bible has moulded English thought and character is so seldom brought out, except by purely religious writers, and so inadequately even by them, that we are glad to see its importance fully recognized by Mr. Green:—

No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. It was as yet the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman; it was read at churches and read at home, and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened to their force and beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm. . . . The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech. It formed, we must repeat, the whole literature which was practically accessible to ordinary Englishmen; and when we recall the number of common phrases which we owe to great authors, the bits of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dickens, or Thackeray, which unconsciously interweave themselves in our ordinary talk, we shall better understand the strange mosaic of Biblical words and phrases which coloured English talk two hundred years ago. The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one; and the borrowing was the easier and the more natural that the range of the Hebrew literature fitted it for the expression of every phase of feeling. When Spenser poured forth his warmest love-notes in the "Epithalamion," he adopted the very words of the Psalmist, as he bade the gates open for the entrance of his bride. When Cromwell saw the mists break over the hills of Dunbar, he hailed the sun burst with the cry of David: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. Like as the sun riseth, so shalt thou drive them away!" Even to common minds this familiarity with grand poetic imagery in prophet and apocalypse gave a loftiness and ardour of expression that with all its tendency to exaggeration and bombast we may prefer to the slipshod vulgarisms of the shopkeeper of to-day.

To a certain extent we are reminded of Charles Knight's *Popular History of England*, which, albeit on a larger and more pretentious scale, and, in the earlier parts, of little historical value, does by its endeavour to trace the social and industrial progress of the nation, and to portray the life of the people, bear some resemblance to the work before us. But, notwithstanding the similarity of intention, there is a significant difference of tone. Knight displays that belief in the excellences of his own age which sometimes jars upon us even in the pages of Macaulay, and which more or less characterized most good Liberals of the generation which is passing away. They were so hopeful and so joyous, those preachers of the gospel of Parliamentary Reform, Political Economy, and Free-trade, so confident—like all who have a gospel to preach—of the coming Millennium; they waxed poetical over spinning-jennies and steamboats and railway engines, and believed that the rising generation must be virtuous and happy because the schoolmaster was abroad.

Mr. Green has a strong sense of the importance of the period after the battle of Waterloo—indeed we think he falls into exaggeration when he calls it the greatest period of our history "in real importance and interest"; but he betrays here and there the sadness of a modern Liberal who knows that the Millennium has not come with the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws, and whose mind is oppressed with the thought of "that war of classes, that social severance between rich and poor, between employers and employed, which still forms the great difficulty of English politics." Hard political economy was the idol of the elder race of Liberals, while the younger coquet with Socialism as the French nobles before the Revolution coquetted with Republicanism. Mr. Green lingers fondly over Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, its community of goods, its compulsory labour, its nine-hours working-day, its public education, its care for the public health, its colourless public worship; even the State priest in his raiment of birds' plumage does not excite him to a smile. He seems to be hurt by Shakespeare's "aristocratic view of social life," and "the reiterated taunts which he hurls in play after play at the rabble." He cites Coriolanus as "the embodiment of a great noble," apparently without perceiving that in Coriolanus Shakespeare has at any rate unsparingly shown the weak side of the noble class. Cromwell's "aristocratic and conservative sympathies"—hear it, shades of the Cavaliers who scoffed at the Brewer of Huntingdon!—are evidently an offence to Mr. Green, who finds "an amusing simplicity" in the Protector's remarks on "that Levelling principle." "What was the purport of it," demanded Oliver, "but to make the tenant as liberal in future" (so the version before us, surely a misprint for the more intelligible reading of Mr. Carlyle, "as liberal a fortune") "as the landlord?" Cromwell's next two sentences, which Mr. Green omits, display what many will be disposed to call hard common sense and shrewd knowledge of human nature rather than "amusing simplicity"—"which, I think," continues the Protector, "if obtained, would not have lasted long. The men of that principle, after they had served their own turns, would then have cried-up property and interest fast enough!" It is, however, his sympathy with the sufferings and the hopes of the classes to whom the common run of historians pay little attention that gives much of its charm to Mr. Green's book. No passage in its pages is more hearty and vigorous than that wherein he traces the history of the first great strife on English soil between capital and labour—the Peasant Revolt of 1381. Not content with merely chronicling the events of the actual outbreak, he shows the causes that led to it—the rise of the tenant-farmer, the detachment of the serf from the land, and the break-down of the labour organization of the age, owing to the ravages of the Black Death and the consequent rise of wages; the enactment of the iniquitous and shortsighted Statutes of Labourers, and the attempts made to force back the villain and the serf into their old bondage. "It was the tyranny of property that then as ever roused the defiance of socialism," is his comment on the fiery harangues in which John Ball, the "mad priest of Kent," declared the Rights of Man. Mindful of a still earlier song of the Barons' War, we can hardly admit that the quaint rhyming missives in which John Ball and Jack Trewhman and the other insurgent leaders, real or mythical, summoned men to rise and join them, "began for England the literature of political controversy"; and we should be disposed to look upon them rather as akin to the "Marseillaise" and "Ça ira" than as "the first predecessors of the pamphlets of Milton and of Burke." The author brings out well, however, the wide extent of the insurrection to which these rude rhymes served as signals. The doings in London occupy most or all of the space given to the Peasant Revolt in the common run of histories; and though Wat Tyler and Jack Straw are familiar names, ordinary readers know little of Litterer of Norwich, the "King of the Commons," who gave a practical commentary on the revolutionary theories of equality by forcing his noble and knightly captives to serve him on their knees; or of Grindecobbe of St. Albans, who would have been immortalized as a hero if he had only espoused a more favoured cause. He "was offered his life if he would persuade his followers at St. Albans to restore the charters they had wrung from the monks. He turned bravely to his fellow-townsmen and bade them take no thought for his trouble. 'If I die,' he said, 'I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom. Do then to-day as you would have done had I been killed yesterday.'" The sad history ends with the Royal Council's gentle suggestion of enfranchisement and the Parliament's unflinching refusal. "No thoughts of compromise influenced the landowners in their reply. The King's grant and letters, the Parliament answered with perfect truth, were legally null and void; their serfs were their goods, and the King could not take their goods from them but by their own consent. 'And this consent,' they added, 'we have never given, and never will give, were we all to die in one day.'"

We wish our space would allow us to extract some of the vivid descriptions of character with which the book abounds. In his idea of Queen Elizabeth, whose complex nature is rarely understood, Mr. Green has been, to our thinking, singularly happy. His description of Marlborough, too, is another specimen of subtle and ingenious analysis. His conception of Harold, son of Godwine, as a clever and egotistical Liberal-Conservative statesman, aiming as much as possible at inaction and repose, is well worked out, and may be contrasted with the high-minded patriot King drawn by Mr. Freeman. Edward II., in Mr. Green's hands, is no mere trifler, but receives credit for a settled purpose of flinging off the

yoke of the Baronage, and imitating the policy of the French Kings by choosing as his Ministers men of an inferior position, wholly dependent upon the Crown. If this was really Edward's scheme, his attempts to execute it with the assistance of Piers Gaveston hardly bear out the assertion that "he was far from being destitute of the intellectual power which seemed hereditary in the Plantagenets." A man with a grain of sense would have refrained from systematically insulting the Barons till he had them in his power; he would have kept Piers Gaveston in the background on ceremonial occasions, and not have let him exercise his arm in unhorsing the nobles, and his tongue in uttering sarcasms against them. The picture of Edward IV., "the founder of the New Monarchy," silently laying the foundations of absolute rule, "while jesting with aldermen, or dallying with his mistresses, or idling over the new pages from the printing-press at Westminster," has more evidence in its favour. The "New Monarchy," we may explain, is the term Mr. Green uses to express the character of the English sovereignty from the time of Edward IV. to that of Elizabeth; and he justifies it on the ground that the character of the Monarchy during that period was a wholly new one, produced not by gradual development, but by revolution. No doubt Edward IV. did come in by a revolution, but he came in as the legitimate King who had overthrown his usurping rival, and the men who hailed him as their sovereign never thought that they were helping to found anything new. The Barons, as Mr. Green points out, had been killed off in the wars, the Church had lost its hold on the people, the Lower House had been reduced to political insignificance by the narrowing of the franchise, the labour class was discontented and turbulent; "the landowner and the merchant were ready, as they have been ready in all ages of the world, to surrender freedom into the hands of the one power which could preserve them from what they deemed to be anarchy." Therefore the King rose suddenly into solitary greatness. All this is true, but it describes a process of development, not of revolution, and the term of the New Monarchy seems to us likely to mislead the student. People talk about the Reformation till they fancy that in some given year and day the English King and people suddenly ceased to be Catholic and turned Protestants; and if they are taught to talk about the New Monarchy, it will soon be impossible to persuade them that it was not some definite form of government created and abolished by Act of Parliament.

If Mr. Green's style has a fault, it is the rather unusual one of excess of brilliancy. At times we are carried away with its passionate earnestness or fascinated by its poetry and tender feeling, but at other times we begin to wish for repose, and that the author would take things coolly. Sometimes, too, his phrases are rather strange and forced. Even supposing that he is quite right in his ideas of the circulation of the blood, we do not like such expressions as "Whatever pulse of patriotism may have stirred the blood of the English archer at Agincourt"; or "The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration, which finds its most perfect expression in the 'Faery Queen,' pulsed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects." And when we read that the Royalist Marquess of Winchester "was brought in a prisoner with his house flaming around him," we wonder why somebody did not charitably throw a pail of water over him, or roll him up in the hearthrug. Here and there we note some slips of the pen. Henry V. was not roused from the solemnities of the convention of the States-General and the confirmation of the Treaty of Troyes by "a passing defeat of his brother Clarence in Anjou," for he had got all that over, and gone home before Clarence fell at Beaugé. Henry VI. was nine months, not nine years, old, when he succeeded his father. The Statute of Appeals described as prohibiting "all further processes in the Court of Rome," and annihilating, "as far as his [Henry VIII.'s] English subjects were concerned, the judicial jurisdiction of the Papacy," must be the one passed in 1533-34 (25 Hen. VIII. c. 19). The Statute of 1532 set down in the Chronological Annals is limited to the prohibition of appeals and processes concerning "causes testamentary, causes of matrimony and divorces, rights of tithes, oblations and obventions." In the narrative of Rowland Taylor's martyrdom, Mr. Green tells us that, "although Parliament had refused to enact the Statute of Heresy, it was still possible to fall back on the powers of the Common Law." Surely he has forgotten that the Statute of Henry IV. for the Punishment of Heretics was revived before any of the Protestant martyrs suffered. We are also a little surprised to find him stating that the Declaration of Right "denied the right of any king to exercise a dispensing power"—an error which we have before had occasion to remark upon. It only denied his right to exercise it "as it hath been assumed and exercised of late."

The narrative practically ends with the battle of Waterloo, after which the author, thinking that the subsequent period is "perhaps too near as yet to us to admit of a cool and purely historical treatment," confines himself to a summary of the chief political events down to Mr. Gladstone's retirement from office in 1874. In this we think he has judged rightly. The value of his book lies above all in the power it shows of conceiving of a period as a whole, of tracing the causes and results of events, and of following the great currents of thought. For this a period of history which is still unclosed affords no scope. The multitude of historical works published nowadays would justify a prediction that the philosophical historian of the future will note among the characteristics of the present time a laudable anxiety to learn and to understand the deeds and the thoughts of our forefathers. Whether he will attribute this to a hope of finding in the study of the past a

solution of the social problems which now perplex mankind, or to the cruel pressure of School Boards and Government examiners, remains to be seen. In the meantime we counsel the English people to gratify its desire for information by reading its own story in Mr. Green's pages.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR ALGERIA.*

ABOUT this time last year *A Handbook for Travellers in Algeria* was added to Mr. Murray's list and was reviewed in these columns, where a very decided opinion was expressed that it was not worthy of the series to which it belonged, nor adapted to the wants and tastes of English travellers. We are not surprised therefore to learn that the book has been found unsatisfactory by others, and that the publisher has, in consequence, been induced to substitute for it the present "entirely new work." The defects generally complained of appear to have been substantially the same as those which we pointed out, "inaccuracy and incompleteness"—defects common enough, and perhaps even excusable, in the ordinary run of guides and manuals, but fatal to the character of a "Murray's Handbook." The author, as it seemed to us, had relied too much upon previous compilers, and far too little upon his own personal observation and experience; his mistakes in statement and description were just the kind of mistakes a man is apt to make when he states facts and describes things at second-hand. But the main defect of the book was that it withheld the very sort of information for which a traveller goes to "Murray" in preference to all other guides. For the mere tourist whose object is simply to run over a country in a perfunctory manner, and whose sole inducement to visit any place is that it is visited and talked about by other tourists, there will be as a matter of course always plenty of guides to help him on his road and furnish him with ready-made impressions and raptures. Even Cook's tourists, who are probably the most rudimentary creatures of the order, have provided for them by the author of their being a little manual which is said to be curiously adapted to their tastes and intelligence. There are already in existence several French guide-books for Algeria which give all the information required by this class of travellers, and, as it may be safely assumed that any one going so far will be able at least to read French, there was no real necessity for an English work of the same scope and purpose. A large proportion, however, of the English travelling public are people of a very different taste and instinct, and are not content to follow one another like sheep along a beaten track, and "do" a regular round of established sights, but prefer to throw tourist traditions overboard, and get as much enjoyment out of their travels as the country can be made to yield. This class of travellers has always hitherto been considered by the editors of Murray's Handbooks, and the chief fault we had to find with the author of the former edition was that he seemed entirely to ignore their existence, and to think that a description of the principal routes usually followed by Paris excursionists was all that could be reasonably expected of him.

We are happy to have it in our power to give a very different report of the present volume. In respect both of accuracy and completeness it is something more than a vast improvement on its predecessor, for it fairly deserves the character of a painstaking and trustworthy guide, and, in whatever direction within the French possessions the traveller may feel inclined to direct his steps, he will find in its pages all the information and assistance for his journey that he has a right to look for in a book of its limits. Another matter not less important is that the author has evidently used his own eyes, and given the reader the benefit of his own experience, and consequently his descriptions and statements inspire a confidence which can never be felt where it is open to doubt whether the writer was ever on the spot he is writing about. When he has to describe he hits off the happy mean, so often missed by guide-book makers, between eloquence and baldness, pointing out with sufficient emphasis what is to be seen, without dictating the emotions which the sight should produce on a properly constituted mind.

In most of the French guide-books Algiers and its environs receive the lion's share of attention. This is only natural. To the genuine Parisian mind the modern city of Algiers is the one unmistakable success in the colony, the one unquestionably satisfactory piece of work achieved since the conquest of the country. Colonization may languish; Arabs may refuse to give up the nomadic life and take to agriculture; Kabyles may decline to become respectable market-gardeners and mechanics after the European model; cotton plantations may fail; wine, wool, mutton, cork, and esparto-grass may prove delusions; but at any rate Algiers is no failure. There, at least, France has made her mark. She has effectually grafted Paris on the savage old pirate city, and produced a flourishing growth of boulevards, places, passages, hotels, cafés, clubs, billiards, absinthe, and asphalt, so that the veriest *badouin* feels himself quite at home the moment he lands from the Marseilles steamer. These are of course less powerful attractions to the English visitor, but still a considerable space must necessarily be given to Algiers itself in any Handbook intended for his use. In the first place, Algiers is steadily rising in repute as a winter retreat for invalids. If it is inferior to Madeira in temperature, it is incomparably more accessible, and there seems to be little doubt that its climate is, upon the whole, better for pulmonary

* *A Handbook for Travellers in Algeria*. London: Murray. 1874.

patients than that of any of the health resorts on the north side of the Mediterranean; while, as regards accommodation, comforts, luxuries, medical attendance, and the like, it is at least as well provided as the best of them. The two drawbacks appear to be the occasional visitations of the sirocco, and the existence of a rainy season. The former, however, disagreeable as it is, is not more unpleasant than the mistral, and when the rain falls, it is not in the common European form of persistent drizzle, but in heavy showers, with ample intervals of sunshine and warmth. Algiers is besides, to the traveller whose object is pleasure rather than health, the port most easily reached, and the best starting-point for journeys into the interior; so that, independently of its rank as the capital, it has a claim to somewhat fuller treatment than other towns. English travellers, however, do not cross the Mediterranean to see a second-rate French city with certain African differences; and the author has exercised a judicious moderation in dealing with the charms and attractions of Algiers. Even the performances of the Aïssaoui do not tempt him into discursiveness, and, contrary to all precedent, he contents himself with stating that such things exist, and may be seen through the instrumentality of an hotel commissionaire, though on the whole his advice to strangers about to assist at one of these uncommonly nasty soirées is very like the famous "Don't" of Mr. Punch. In the same way he reduces to their proper proportions the pretensions of sundry places and things in the vicinity of Algiers which, because they are within easy reach, are much visited and over-glorified by occasional tourists; Blidah, for example, and the Gorge of the Chiffa, where he warns the reader against expecting the Swiss or Italian scenery commonly said to be in store for him. The same caution, it is true, will apply to the mountain scenery of Algeria in general. In many parts—in the Jurjura, in the district between Setif and the coast, and in the Aures—there is scenery grand and bold enough to satisfy any lover of the mountains; but it has a character peculiarly its own, and it is unjust to measure it by an Alpine or any other standard.

Algiers is, as we have said, probably on the whole the best starting-point for a tour through Algeria. But if Spain were a country to be traversed in comfort and security, we should give the preference to Oran, *via* Valencia, Alicante, Carthage, or Malaga, not so much on account of the shorter sea passage, as because this route would get rid of the necessity for travelling twice over the long but not very interesting line between Algiers and Oran. Of the three provinces, Oran has by far the fewest attractions for the traveller, unless he is anxious to examine the progress of French colonization. Indeed it can be hardly said to contain anything which will really repay the journey, except the relics of Moorish art at Tlemcen, Mansoura, and Bou-Medin; but then it must be added that it is only at Granada, Seville, and Cordova that anything will be found exceeding these in interest. The Eastern half of the French territory, the province of Constantina, and the adjoining portion of Algiers, is the part of Algeria which the vacation tourist will find his best pleasure-ground, whether his object be to enjoy scenery, study antiquities, or make the acquaintance of a new country and people lying beyond the beaten tracks of European travel. Routes are given here that will enable him to gratify any or all of these tastes. For a plunge into the life and scenery of the Sahara, the choice practically lies between El Aghouat, to the south of Algiers, and Biskra, to the south of Constantina. Both places are well within the limits of the Sahara, and both are, after a fashion, connected with European civilization by a line of diligences. A reasonably hardy traveller may visit both without a *détour*, crossing on mule or camel-back from El Aghouat to Biskra or *vice versa*; but if he has to make a choice the author of the Handbook recommends him, and rightly we think, to choose Biskra. El Aghouat is not nearly so good a specimen of a Saharan oasis and town as Biskra, or its neighbours Sidi Okba and Omash; nor are there so many excursions to be made as from Biskra, unless indeed the traveller is ambitious of following the example of Dr. Tristram, and pushing his way south to Gardai and Waregla. From Biskra, however, he can, without much difficulty, reach Tuggurt, for which expedition he will find here a full itinerary, and ample advice and instructions. The distance moreover from Constantina to Biskra is little more than half of that from Algiers to El Aghouat, and the road is infinitely more interesting. Indeed there is no single view in Algeria which will produce so strong an impression on a traveller fresh from Europe as that which opens upon him when he issues from the mountains through the rocky jaws of the gorge of El Kantara, and sees the palm-trees of his first oasis stretching away southward before him.

For those who love grand and bold mountain scenery there is an abundant choice of routes through the mountainous country which lies along the coast between Algiers and Bona. One of the best hints in this edition is that which recommends a variation of the route from Constantina to Algiers by a *détour* from Setif to Bougie through the magnificent defile of the Chabet-el-Akhira, of which the author says, "It is impossible to conceive anything more sublime and terrible, and the first idea that crosses the traveller's mind is the powerlessness of words to describe scenery so grand." But why, having got his traveller to Bougie, does he advise him to proceed to Algiers by sea, when the almost direct line by land passes through the very finest scenery in all French Africa? There is a diligence road from Bougie to Akbou or Beni Mansour in the Sahel valley, and from both of those places mule tracks lead to the Col de Tirourda, from which, as the author

himself shows, there is a good path to Fort National. The journey may be somewhat rough, but it is not rougher than that from Setif to Bougie, which he has just recommended his reader to make, and the route crosses the noble range of the Jurjura, leading through scenery with which, in his own words, "no part of Algeria can compare for grandeur," and through the very heart of the country of the Kabyles, the most interesting of the Algerian peoples.

The tourist whose leanings are historical and antiquarian will also find useful hints as to where to go and what to look for, especially in the part which refers to the very interesting but little-travelled country along the Tunis frontier from Tebessa to Souk-Ahras, where at almost every step there is something—aqueduct, arch, or temple—to show how elaborate was that Roman colonization of which these ruins are now the only trace. But Roman remains are by no means the only antiquities to be studied on Algerian soil; it is, in the eastern part especially, a veritable palimpsest in its records of successive races. Of late years attention has been called to the wealth of the country in dolmens, cromlechs, and prehistoric monuments generally, and it is to be hoped archaeologists will not neglect so rich a field. The traveller will find here a list of the localities most interesting in this respect.

There are a few trifling omissions and errors which the author will do well to see to in the next edition. Considering that shooting is becoming every year a luxury more difficult to obtain, and that Algeria is a country which offers the attraction of genuine wild sport, and may possibly be visited by some persons for that reason alone, he ought, we think, to extend his remarks on the sporting capacities of the country, and give somewhat fuller information as to the game to be found, and where to find it. In his geographical description, although he has dropped the antiquated notion of a Great, Middle, and Little Atlas, he speaks of a Greater and a Lesser Atlas, as if there were two distinct and definite chains of mountains running parallel to each other; and he talks of "passing the watershed" half-way between Philippeville and Constantina. What he calls the watershed here is simply the dividing ridge between two streams flowing into the Mediterranean (the true watershed is about a hundred miles further south, beyond Batna); and any division of the Atlas system into a Greater and Lesser will convey a very false idea of the physical geography of Algeria. Then why does he persist in writing "*Constantine*" and "*Bone*"? He might just as well call the capital "Alger," and his work the "*Handbook for Algérie*." "*Bougie*" may perhaps be more familiar than "*Bugia*" or "*Boujayah*," but in the case of "*Constantina*" and "*Bona*" there is not a shadow of excuse for submitting in an English book to the French passion for Gallicizing names under all circumstances. There are besides one or two light slips of the pen to be corrected. The latitude of Biskra is 34° 57', not 36° 57'; the Jurjura is not the highest mountain range, for there are at least two higher summits in the Aures, and in the table of heights there is some confusion between its highest point, the Tamghout, and Lalla Khadidja, the Kabyle Saint, whose shrine has given the peak its additional name. But a few, and there are very few, oversights of this kind do not affect the character of the book. That, as we have already said, may be fairly described as trustworthy and painstaking, and Mr. Murray, we think, may be congratulated on the result of his determination to preserve the reputation of our old friend the Red Handbook.

THE THREE DEVILS.*

WE reviewed some time ago a collection of essays by Professor Masson called *Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats*. He has now collected a set of essays of a similar character, and possessing the same sort of merit. We are glad indeed to say that we have not noticed in this volume such eccentricities of style as disfigured the last. The author is occasionally rather pompous in manner, but he is tolerably straightforward and simple. We may add that he has the further merit of an industrious accumulator of facts, as indeed will not be doubted by any one who has read, or tried to read, his ponderous volumes on Milton. But we hesitate before going any further. We could not say that Professor Masson's criticisms upon the English poets of this century showed much originality or fineness of perception. But in the present volume he has been flying at still higher game, and the inadequacy of his treatment is more painfully conspicuous. We should be inclined to say, for example, that nobody has a moral right to add to the existing mass of Shakespearian literature without a palpably good reason. He may have some fragments of positive knowledge to add to our scanty store, and may be able to contribute something towards fixing the date of a play or explaining some contemporary allusion. But if he wishes to soar higher, he should remember that all the best English, German, French, and American critics have been labouring in the same field; and that, unless he has something to say which they have not said some hundreds of times, he may as well hold his peace. Now we cannot honestly assert that we find our appreciation of Shakespeare or Goethe materially improved by a study of Professor Masson's essays. We cannot refuse to admire the courage which has impelled him to attempt such lofty themes; but sheer wonder is a fitter phrase than admiration to express our sentiments on laying down the volume. Common sense is a quality too much despised by some critics of the present day; and

* *The Three Devils—Luther's, Goethe's, and Milton's; with other Essays.* By David Masson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

we do not deny that Professor Masson possesses that quality. But really something more is wanted before a man should presume to get into the lecturing chair and explain the secrets of Shakspeare's art. Otherwise he degenerates into a mere retailer of common-places which are never very striking, and which become rather offensive when put forward with a complacent air of superior wisdom. Professor Masson, having the advantage of living in the nineteenth century, knows what Coleridge and Goethe have said about Shakspeare, and is so far entitled to look down upon the Malones, Steevenses, and Johnsons. But we would rather follow Johnson vigorously stumbling about in the night of criticism than Professor Masson's humdrum plodding by the latest of the new lights.

Let us take, for example, the essay called "Shakspeare and Goethe." After some preliminary remarks about the faces of the two men, we have a brief summary of Shakspeare's life, and a repetition for the thousandth time of the remarks of Ben Jonson and Fuller. Then we are told that we ought to penetrate into Shakspeare's heart, but that this is difficult because he was many-sided. Still, though many-sided, he must have had a certain character reflected in his works. The Sonnets are calculated to throw some light upon this subject. They show that Shakspeare was often melancholy, or, as Professor Masson puts it, his mind was "apt to sink into that state in which thoughts of what is sad and mysterious in the universe most easily come and go." This phase is represented by Hamlet and Jaques, in confirmation of which truism a good many familiar passages are quoted. "Instead of being a calm stony observer of life and nature, as is somewhere represented" (who, we should like to know, ever called Shakspeare stony?), he was—could we have guessed it?—a man of gentle affections, keen sensibility, and liable to frequent despondency. What a discovery! Who would have dreamt of this had it not been explained to him by a Professor in the University of Edinburgh? However, having found this out, Professor Masson is kind enough to spare us what he truly says would be a "mere string of undeniable commonplaces" about Shakspeare's wide sympathies and knowledge. He then informs us that Shakspeare was "specifically and transcendently a literary man," and also "the greatest *expresser*" that ever lived. This last opinion appears for a moment to be original, because it seems to imply that Shakspeare's power lay, not in thinking, but in finding new forms for the expression of thought. But, as Professor Masson immediately goes on to explain his meaning to be that Shakspeare had an immense rush of thought about every conceivable subject, and was excessively fluent of speech, it turns out to be simply an inaccurate mode of stating the most familiar of all criticisms upon "the divine Williams."

We are then treated to some remarks upon Goethe, from which we learn that he was a man with great powers of self-control, and a good many quotations are given from Eckermann's *Conversations*, which, if we will ponder them, will, it seems, enlighten us as to the poet's character. This brings us to the great question to which the essay is apparently intended to furnish an answer. What is the difference between Shakspeare and Goethe? They were both literary men, says Professor Masson. Most true. Goethe, however, wrote prose as well as verse. True, again; and we may add that Goethe was a German and died at Weimar quite recently; whereas Shakspeare was an Englishman and died at Stratford two centuries and a half ago. However, says Professor Masson, if we "regard the two men in their special character as artists or poets, a marked difference is still discernible." So we should think; but what was it? Professor Masson gives the answer, such as it is, in half a page. It comes briefly to this, that, whereas Shakspeare clothed "objects, circumstances, and feelings with magnificent language," Goethe's "different and narrower" genius consisted in translating "from the objective to the subjective," and clothing real feelings with fictitious circumstance. "Let this distinction be sufficiently conceived and developed," says Professor Masson, "and a full idea will be obtained of the exact difference between the literary many-sidedness attributed to Shakspeare, and that also attributed to Goethe." Possibly; but why did not Professor Masson try to conceive and develop it sufficiently, instead of tacking it without development to the end of a commonplace essay? To say the truth, the difference between the two men is so great and palpable that it would have been better to ask, What is the likeness? But we are unable to see that Professor Masson throws any light upon either of these questions.

Two essays upon Dryden and Swift are equally devoid of any critical interest. The essay upon Dryden brings together a good many facts in a methodical and reasonable manner, and forms a fair biographical sketch of the poet. But it is clear that the Professor has nothing new to say about Dryden as a poet, and that he does not really care for his poems. Nobody is bound to like Dryden, or indeed to like Shakspeare, but if a critic has no appreciation of the peculiar qualities of a great writer, that raises a presumption that he had better not write about him. Certainly Professor Masson's summary of Dryden's merits is rather irritating to anybody who has a lingering affection for the masculine vigour of one of our manliest writers. Dryden, he says, ranks fifth amongst great English poets, after Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. But he explains that he only means fifth in chronological order. He was, that is, the fifth literary dictator. This is not saying much. Then Dryden was various and voluminous, and Scott says that most great writers have been voluminous. However, a great proportion of Dryden's writing is rubbish, because he wrote on subjects for which he was not fitted, and was slovenly even

when in his own province. Still he was "robust," and by dint of hard work improved in his old age. "As a contributor to the actual body of our literature, and as a man who produced by his influence a lasting effect on its literary methods, Dryden's place is certainly high." Surely this is about the most meagre conclusion to which a critic could easily come. Mr. Lowell does not belong to Dryden's school any more than Professor Masson; but in an excellent essay in the volume called "Amongst my Books," Mr. Lowell has shown how a follower of Wordsworth and a worshipper of Spenser may still do justice to the greatest writer of the Restoration period. We wish that Professor Masson could have shown the same catholicity of taste. On Swift he is perhaps more appreciative, though he adds nothing to our knowledge. We will merely notice one remark in passing. Professor Masson says that Swift had some innovating notions. One was his view that women ought to be better educated; the other that a standing army was dangerous to liberty. The first remark is accurate enough; but if Swift was an innovator because he objected to a standing army, we must apply the same name to almost every English politician from the time of Charles II. down to the time of the French Revolution. The cry against standing armies was perhaps the most popular piece of cant amongst all parties during the whole of the eighteenth century.

We must say a word or two about the essay which gives its title to the volume. That title, *The Three Devils*, has something taking about it, and is, in fact, the best thing in the book. When, however, we turn from the title to the essay itself, we are struck by the obvious fact that the title is the only thing which binds together three perfectly independent pieces of criticism. Of Luther's Devil Professor Masson has only to say that the object of Luther's genuine belief was in every way utterly unlike the poetical creations of Milton and Goethe. Some very interesting remarks might doubtless be made upon the origin and nature of Luther's conceptions of diabolical agency; but Professor Masson has done little more than quote a few of the familiar anecdotes of the great Reformer, and insert a rather queer piece of criticism upon Comte's theories, which apparently comes to this—that there is a good deal of truth in them, but that we are not to accept them. Between Milton and Goethe, except that they both wrote about the Devil, there is far less connexion than between Shakspeare and Goethe. Mephistopheles belongs to a totally different order of beings from the Satan of *Paradise Lost*. His real analogue, if one must be found, should rather be Iago; and an interesting comparison might be worked out by a competent critic, though of course there would then be no opportunity for a taking title. As for Mr. Masson's parallel between the two other Devils, it amounts to saying in a good many words that they have really no point in common. Satan, in fact, is the embodiment of pride, and Mephistopheles of cynicism. There is a relation, but not enough resemblance to justify a contrast. One may usefully compare Cromwell and Napoleon; but very little is to be made of comparing either with St. Francis of Assisi. Of Professor Masson's independent remarks upon the two personages, we can only say that they are as feeble as can well be imagined. Milton's Devil is in many ways a most interesting topic for literary criticism; but we do not care for a new analysis of *Paradise Lost*; nor do we gain much from such scattered remarks as these. Milton, we are told, has done justice to the physical character of the angels, because he represents them as tearing up, we are told, mountains by the roots. Another poet, on this showing, may easily surpass Milton by making his angels tear up continents or play at bowls with planets. Nor do we think that much light is thrown upon Milton's conception by saying that he represents the angels as differing from men by the fact that angels are not subject to gravitation, and consequently did not fall out of heaven, but were driven out by fire. Or we may quote, as our last specimen of Professor Masson's style of criticism, this ingenious remark. Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, describes the approach of the Devil thus:—

An aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious eye
Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake.

"Observe," says the ingenious Professor, "how all the particulars of this description are drawn out of the very thick of the civilization of the past four thousand years, and how the whole effect of the picture is to suggest a Mephistophelic-looking man, whom it would be disagreeable to meet alone." We should have thought the very opposite, and that the whole description is meant to show how cunningly the Devil had disguised himself. We have not the least idea what is meant by the phrase about the "thick of the civilization," but we see that Professor Masson wanted to prove that the Satan of *Paradise Regained* was a kind of mean term between Mephistopheles and the Satan of *Paradise Lost*; and we guess that he wished to find an appropriate instance to prove his case, and exhibit his critical acumen after the most approved fashion. Unluckily, where a genuine critic is happy in discovering some trifling circumstance which just illustrates his theory, a commonplace critic can only imitate the method without the felicity. Professor Masson takes hold of the first passage that occurs to him, and assumes that it will prove what he wants it to prove. Perhaps two readers out of three may take his word for it.

We will say, in conclusion, that there is one essay in this volume which is better than the rest—that, namely, on “Milton’s Youth.” Professor Masson is of course well informed upon this topic, and the essay itself, though commonplace enough in its criticisms, does something to bring out Milton’s relation to the main currents of contemporary thought. We think, however, that even here Professor Masson seems to read Milton’s character too much by the light of his later writings, and does scant justice to that side of him which sympathized with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Fletcher. And we must add that “psychologizing a man” is a “vile phrase.”

MRS. GILBERT’S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THERE is no knowing who may not now look forward to the glory of a biography—we do not mean a mere obituary notice in a sympathizing periodical, or a column *In Memoriam* in a weekly organ of opinion, but a couple of handsome volumes, offered, not to friends and partial admirers, but to the whole world of readers. This is one obvious consequence of the modern facilities for reading without buying. Mudie’s is no doubt a new road to fame, bringing into posthumous prominence and distinction many a life and character which would otherwise never have been heard of. It is a new opportunity for the quiet and obscure, who while they live can be nothing else but obscure. Only let them shuffle off this mortal coil, and, if there has been anything out of the common about them, their turn comes. Many people whom society did not care to know, it is nevertheless glad to read about, under these altered conditions, if the scene they lived in was sufficient to develop their powers, and if they represented anything of that picturesqueness which is seldom wanting to any situation in life.

These reflections are so far general that we are aware they may appear to be inappropriate in the present instance. Mrs. Gilbert belonged to a family with whom the pen was an easy, we may almost say a natural, instrument. But all the publicity it procured her was of such ancient date that she herself, at the close of a long life, made the discovery that the world had supposed her to be dead some scores of years. The value of the book, however, is by no means lessened by this obscurity. The reader is well content to exchange an insight into the busy, or great, or fighting, or travelling, or learned, or scientific, or fashionable world, in which biography finds its ordinary fields, for a distinct, faithful, and loving delineation of a very small world indeed, such as opened itself as a first study to a child’s keen observation, and forms the material for the autobiography which occupies half of the first of the two volumes before us. It is not the books people write, or the importance of the society in which they pass their lives, or even what they do in itself, that constitutes an interesting subject for autobiography; it is what they are, what vigour of life stirs them, what eyes they have for noting what goes on around them, what line of thought occupies them, what power they have of expressing that thought, what touch of themselves they can impart to their work, bringing to light that distinctive quality which we mean by character. In all these points Ann Taylor, known here as Mrs. Gilbert, was well endowed. Her first memories, as is usual with minds and bodies of vigorous formation, start very early, assisting her to draw a very clear and singular picture of family life; and to bring before us a quaint and pleasant group of homely folks, members of the Nonconformist body in a small country town, of which her father was the most shining light, and pre-eminent both for intellect and character.

The first Isaac Taylor was indeed the sort of man to found a family from strength of will, clearness of intention, and astonishing industry in working out his intentions. He was by calling an engraver, and so far a successful one that, before the war which cut off English art from the Continent, he received five hundred pounds for engraving a subject for Boydell’s Shakspeare Series. He threw himself into the business of education as if that was his one mission; rising at six every morning to prepare the lessons which his children were in the course of the day to learn in science, geography, history, even fortification, for the war was going on, and he wished that his girls as well as boys might be able intelligently to follow the course of events. He was indefatigable at his business, and on Sundays he preached as a pious lay exercise long before he devoted himself to the ministry. And what is strange, and raises the reader’s respect for him beyond all his personal labours, he made his children cheerfully acquiesce and be happy in the life of extraordinary task-work which he imposed upon them. Of these the three eldest have all left their mark in the world. The third was Isaac Taylor, the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, *Saturday Evening*, and other works, widely read at the time; the second, Jane, best known in the nursery, where her baby songs and many of her hymns are not likely to be soon superseded; and the first, the subject of the present memoir, though her name is the least familiar, to whom is perhaps owing the distinction to which the others attained. There is no knowing the influence of an eldest of a family upon the rest. She inherited her father’s industry and a healthy, cheerful temperament which enjoyed an encounter with tough tasks, whether of head or hand, thus setting an example to the others, who, feeling the burden heavier, might

not else have submitted to it with so good a grace. As it was, they were strong enough to bear it—the lessons, the long hours of dull mechanical labour at engraving, the compulsory silence at meals, when it was their mother’s invariable custom to read aloud to her husband. But, though hard work, it was not slavery. Their mother had no mysteries, and early initiated them into their father’s pecuniary circumstances. If the girls worked hard, they knew why they had it to do, and their superior education preserved them from any sense of humiliation; they were always looked up to and courted in their own circle. Nor were they tried by any sectarian severities. They chose their own friends; they were taught dancing. Ann went once to a play, and once to a farmhouse ball; and we learn, not from the present memoir, but from the brother Isaac’s family biography, that the reading at the breakfast-table was not confined to grave subjects. He looks back with wonder at the works of fiction read there, “the hearing of which then inflicted upon us, as I think, very little moral injury, but of which the names have barely been heard by my family.” All this, the relaxations as well as the severities, was good training. Nobody can write with any success whose ear has not caught the tone of a well-written sentence; nobody can stimulate the fancy of others who has not had his own awakened in childhood. Nobody can delineate society who has not had liberty of observation at an early age. It will be found that the strictest religious schools derive their distinctive literature from writers whose plastic youth was exempt from the restraints which they enforce as essential to the Christian life.

Ann Taylor had her sphere of observation, though it was not a lofty one. There is no pleasanter reading in the book than her earliest recollections of family life at Lavenham, in Suffolk, where her father carried his young family, occupying a good house at the modest rent of 6*l.* a year. She takes the pews of the meeting-house *seriatim* as she and her sister viewed them perched on their high seats. “It was generally well filled, and for my pleasure more than for yours, shall I record the names still familiar to me of those who chiefly composed it?” And in order of sittings we read of the “quaint, somewhat poetical, schoolmaster—I say poetical, because he had done the Copernican system into rhyme”; the stone-deaf blacksmith who attended meeting very regularly, occasionally reproaching his minister as a legal preacher, on the ground that he selected Arminian texts; the hospitable baker, who occupies a grateful niche in her memory, as she apostrophizes his good fare, “O the piles of hot toast, thick, heaped with butter, that used morning and evening to crown the iron footmen in front of the fire!” to which unaccustomed delicacies “Nanny and Jenny” were always heartily welcome; the old maids Miss Betsy and Miss Sally, one of whom had been subjected to that awful dispensation to a little girl’s fancy—a disappointment in love. Dissent at this stage is, we own, more attractive to the general reader than where it is professed later on as “the hearty faith in sect and party” which years developed in her. Women are so trebly influenced, through their sense of duty, their affections, and their aptitude for hero-worship, to follow a lead, that in Mrs. Gilbert’s circumstances we can neither wonder at nor quarrel with her growing principle of Dissent. Her father was a pious Nonconformist; but not till she was thirty did she catch the fiercer spirit of Nonconformity. Then, in company with her brother and sister, she spent a winter in Devonshire, and became acquainted with the nearest approach to a hero that ever came in her way. This was a Mr. Gunn, pastor of a small congregation at Ilfracombe—the noble Highlander as she calls him—whose person, air, and manners were those of a military man of rank, whose natural gifts enabled him to command and compel obedience, whose graceful ease and candid frankness of conversation, while ably and eloquently discussing the deepest subjects, set every one at ease, and, to sum up all, whose politeness penetrated to the female bosom of all ranks; one young woman saying with really touching simplicity, “I have seen very few gentlemen myself, but I daresay the Miss Taylors have seen a great many, and I will ask them whether they ever saw any one like him?” “We said, ‘No, indeed, we never did’”; and with all this he was a rabid Dissenter. No wonder she writes, “Father will be pleased to hear he is making us Dissenters to the backbone.”

Concurrently with this powerful influence set in another more lasting, connected with the romance of her life. We are not quite sure that this romance is without precedent in Dissenting communions, however unusual it may be in society. Mr. Gilbert, a widower of thirty-three, a minister and classical tutor of Rotherham Independent College, heard much from common friends of Ann Taylor, and took the singular course of writing to propose himself to her while yet they were unknown to each other. This letter came to her at Ilfracombe. Luckily for Mr. Gilbert there was a Mrs. Gunn; but such a hero in presence as Mrs. Gunn’s husband raised so high the standard of what a man should be to excite interest in the female bosom that his task was not an easy one. She wrote a cold answer; but the gentleman was in earnest. He visited the lady’s parents, made his way with the mother, and finally obtained permission to visit the object of his hopes. The son has to explain that to people who did not know his father he was not wanting in heroic qualities of mind and person. They so far prevailed in the end that Ann Taylor became Mrs. Gilbert; voluntarily and cheerfully sacrificing her old pursuits and all the credit and other advantages that came with them to what she recognized as the imperative paramount duties of a wife, a mistress of a household, and eventually of a mother. In all these capacities she was exemplary through a protracted life, growing, as it would

* *Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert.* Edited by Josiah Gilbert. London: Henry S. King & Co.

seem, more rigid, staunch, and one might almost say uncharitable—if it were not rather blindness—towards opponents, in her zeal for Nonconformity and disestablishment. However, the days of what, writing at the age of sixty-five, she calls “a kind of mongrel namby-pamby Charitarianism,” the days of “the great truths, and Christian love, they were the things not to contend for of course, but just to lie down in, and let them fall on us like dew—that was Christianity”—the days with their milder tone of profession thus contemptuously looked back upon represented the period and the temper most friendly to composition. They were the days when the *Original Poems and Hymns* were written of which, though Jane Taylor got credit with the world for them, Ann wrote many of the most popular; humble compositions, but so excellent of their kind, simple without puerility, touched with humour, tender with pathos, and so really original that they awoke a general enthusiasm.

At this time also Ann was engaged in prose composition, and wrote reviews for the *Eclectic*, enjoying once the dazzling distinction of seeing her criticism of a novel displace a grave article from the pen of no less a person than Dr. Olinthus Gregory. Female authors were rare then, and the leading authoress of the day was so idolized by a large circle of male admirers both in the Church and the world that we do not wonder the duty became imperative on a sister scribe, as being alone bold enough for the task, to tell Hannah More that she wrote commonplaces without knowing it, and that she was not so wonderful a person as the world thought her. After remarking that Mrs. More's *Christian Morals* contains reflections which are just, and precisely such as most reflecting people have made already, and such as many reflecting people could write, and perhaps not sufficiently unlike what has been written, she concludes:—

Genius feels and decides with prompt correctness, places its idea in the most striking attitude, in the broad daylight of expression, and presents to a glance

The fairest, loftiest, countenance of things.

Industry walks carefully round its subject, holding a light, now on this now on that, in every direction, till, notwithstanding the general obscurity, every part has been successively discerned. This fatiguing endeavour is perceived, upon many occasions, in the style of Mrs. More. We should call it, if allowed the expression, “much ado about”—something.

We have given some prominence to the sectarianism of this excellent lady's opinions, because her biographer has taken pains to bring it forward. But it does not affect the character itself, nor the subjects that interested her in action, nor the things that dwell on her tenacious and picturesque memory, which constantly raises the most vivid out-of-the-way little scenes, as e.g. her visit to the shroud-maker's by candlelight, or her poem to the crocuses. She was blest with that abiding sense of youth which belongs to a healthy mind in a healthy body. “Even now,” she writes, “whether at sixty-six, as when I began this, or at eighty, as I am now, the feeling of being a grown woman, to say nothing of an old woman, does not come naturally to me.” Hers was a life singularly suited to her character, busy beyond most, a life, as she expresses it, where yesterday was always treading on to-day. We do not often find such contentment at every circumstance in a long career; such unqualified gratitude for her training and the surrounding circumstances of her life, such a clear mind and sound sense in old age, such cheerfulness and sweetness lasting to the end.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.*

MR. HARDY still lingers in the pleasant byways of pastoral and agricultural life which he made familiar to his readers in his former novels, *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. Indeed the first of these can hardly be called a novel. It was rather a series of rustic sketches—Dutch paintings of English country scenes after the manner of *Silas Marner*. But, like its successor, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, it brought with it a genuine fresh flavour of the country, and of a part of the country that has not yet become hackneyed. There was promise, too, in both these books of something really good being produced in future works. And that promise, though not quite fulfilled, is given again in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It is nearer fulfilment than it was, though much nearer in the first half of the first volume than in the remainder of the book, where the characters both of the heroine and of the hero fall off. But there is still a good deal wanting, and Mr. Hardy has much to learn, or perhaps we ought to say, to unlearn, before he can be placed in the first order of modern English novelists. He takes trouble, and is not in a hurry to work off his sketches. They are imaginative, drawn from the inside, and highly finished. They show power also of probing and analysing the deeper shades of character, and showing how characters are affected, and how destinies are influenced for good or evil, by the circumstances which act upon them. But Mr. Hardy disfigures his pages by bad writing, by clumsy and inelegant metaphors, and by mannerism and affectation. What, for instance, could be worse as a piece of composition than the following?—

His tone was so utterly removed from all she had expected as a beginning. It was lowness and quiet accented: an emphasis of deep meanings, their form, at the same time, being scarcely expressed. Silence has sometimes a remarkable power of showing itself as the disembodied soul of feeling wandering without its carcase, and it is then more impressive than speech.

* *Far from the Madding Crowd*. By Thomas Hardy, Author of “*A Pair of Blue Eyes*,” “*Under the Greenwood Tree*,” &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.

The grammar in this passage is faulty, the metaphor is far-fetched and awkward, the thought poor, and the expression of it affected. Again, how could a man of good taste—and good taste Mr. Hardy certainly has—permit this hideous metaphor to appear?—“It” (“the element of folly”) “was introduced as lymph on the dart of Eros, and eventually permeated and coloured her whole constitution.” A quack doctor before the days of Public Vaccinators might have written such a sentence as a taking advertisement. But a man of refinement, and not without a sense of humour, might surely have put the not unprecedented fact that a girl fell in love with a soldier in simpler and less professional language. Why, again, should he talk of Bathsheba's beauty “belonging rather to the redeemed-demonian than to the blemished-angelic school,” or of “a little slip of humanity for alarming potentialities of exploit,” or of “the spherical completeness of his existence heretofore slowly spreading into an abnormal distortion in the particular direction of an ideal passion”? Eccentricities of style are not characteristic of genius, nor of original thinking. If Mr. Hardy is not possessed of genius, he is possessed of something quite good enough for the ordinary purposes of novel-writing to make him independent of anything like counterfeit originality or far-fetched modes of thought. If he has the self-control to throw aside his tendency to strain after metaphorical effects, and if he will cultivate simplicity of diction as effectually as he selects simple and natural subjects to write about, he may mellow into a considerable novelist. But if he suffers this tendency to grow into a habit—and there is quite as much of it in this as in his previous novels—he will very speedily lose the not inconsiderable reputation which he has justly gained.

Mr. Hardy, whether by force of circumstances or by fortunate selection, has in this story hit upon a new vein of rich metal for his fictitious scenes. The English Æolian has never been so idealized before. Ordinary men's notions of the farm-labourer of the Southern counties have all been blurred and confused. It has been the habit of an ignorant and unwisely philanthropic age to look upon him as an untaught, unreflecting, badly paid, and badly fed animal, ground down by hard and avaricious farmers, and very little, if at all, raised by intelligence above the brutes and beasts to whom he ministers. These notions are ruthlessly overturned by Mr. Hardy's novel. Under his hand Æolians become Athenians in acuteness, Germans in capacity for philosophic speculation, and Parisians in polish. Walter Scott has left many sketches and some highly finished portraits of the humbler class of Scotch peasants, and has brought out the national shrewdness and humour, and the moral and intellectual “pawkiness” for which that class of Scotch society is justly celebrated. But he had good material to work on, and two out of every three of his characters were in all probability drawn from life. George Eliot in her early books, and even in *Felix Holt*, has drawn specimens of the illiterate class who talk theology like the Bench of Bishops—except that they are all Dissenters—and politics like the young Radicals who sit, or used to sit, below the gangway. But the reader felt that the author had seen these rustic theologians and politicians and heard their conversations. Shakspeare also has his metaphysical clowns ready by force of mother-wit to discuss generalities on most subjects. But neither his clowns, nor George Eliot's rustics, nor Scott's peasants, rise to anything like the flights of abstract reasoning with which Mr. Hardy credits his cider-drinking boors. Humorous many of his descriptions of them certainly are; as, for instance, the following account of the various ways in which the news of Bathsheba's sheep breaking fence on Sunday and “blasting” themselves with young clover affected the farm servants individually:—

Joseph's countenance was drawn into lines and puckers by his concern. Fray's forehead was wrinkled both perpendicularly and crosswise, after the pattern of a portcullis, expressive of a double despair. Laban Tall's lips were thin, and his face was rigid. Matthew's jaws sank, and his eyes turned whichever way the strongest muscle happened to pull them.

“Yes,” said Joseph, “and I was sitting at home, looking for Ephesians, and says I to myself, ‘Tis nothing but Corinthians and Thessalonians in this danged Testament,’ when who should come in but Henery there: ‘Joseph,’ he said, ‘the sheep have blasted themselves—’”

No objection could be taken to the treatment of these choruses of agricultural labourers if it were confined to such descriptions. But when we find one of these labourers—“a cherry-faced” shepherd lad, “with a small circular orifice by way of a mouth”—discourse on ecclesiastical politics in this style—

“There's two religions going on in the nation now, High Church and High Chapel. And thinks I, I'll play fair; so I went to High Church in the morning and High Chapel in the afternoon. . . . Well at High Church they pray singing, and believe in all the colours of the rainbow; and at High Chapel they pray preaching, and believe in drab and whitewash only!”

We feel either that we have misjudged the unenfranchised agricultural classes, or that Mr. Hardy has put his own thoughts and words into their mouths. And this suspicion necessarily shakes our confidence in the truthfulness of many of the idyllic incidents of rustic life which are so plentifully narrated throughout these volumes. The descriptions of the farming operations, for instance, the sheepshearing, and the haymaking, and the sheep-washing, with the tender episode attached to it, and the lambing in the cold winter months among the snow, are graphically given. There is a vivid reality about the description of the fire in the farmstead, the terrible thunderstorm that ruined love-lorn Farmer Boldwood's stacks, though it failed to awaken the drunken revellers in Bathsheba's barn, and the midnight pursuit of Bathsheba when she stole away to Bath. Then there is that most unconventional picture in “the hollow amid the ferns.” Here

Sergeant Troy with startling dexterity performs a rape of a lock from the shoulder of his mistress with a cut of a heavy cavalry sabre—or, as Mr. Hardy more finely puts it, with “a circumambient gleam accompanied by a keen sibilant that was almost a whistle”—and in the next moment transfixes with the same instrument a caterpillar on her breast, or, to use the gallant Sergeant’s words, “gave point to her bosom where the caterpillar was, and instead of running her through, checked the extension a thousandth of an inch short of her surface.” Doubting the authenticity of the conversations, we are led to question the truthfulness of such scenes as these. Are they a faithful rendering of real events taking place from time to time in the South-Western counties, or are they not imaginary creations with possibly some small groundwork of reality?

These are difficulties which suggest themselves to the most cursory reader. But perhaps it does not very much matter (except to the student of the political capabilities of the agricultural labourer) whether either the conversations or the descriptions are true or false. They are in keeping with the general character of the novel to this extent, that they are worked up with unusual skill and care. Each scene is a study in itself, and, within its own limits, effective. And they all fit into the story like pieces of an elaborate puzzle, making, when they are so fitted in, an effective whole. Mr. Hardy’s art consists principally in the way in which he pieces his scenes one with the other. He determines, for instance, that the moral discipline through which his heroine has to pass to render her a fitting helpmate to Gabriel Oak shall culminate in the scene where she sees her husband weeping over the coffin of her rival and kissing her dead lips. But how is this crisis to be brought about in a natural and ordinary way? Fanny Robin dies in the workhouse, and Joseph Poorgrass is sent for her coffin so that she may have a decent burial in the parish churchyard by Bathsheba’s house. Joseph arrives late on an autumn afternoon. Driving homewards, with his burden covered over with evergreens, a thick sea fog—the first of the autumn fogs—rolls up quite naturally, overshadowing the whole country, and wetting Joseph to the skin. By the roadside, not two miles from the churchyard where the parson is waiting for him, stands the “Buck’s Head Inn.” Wet and miserable, Joseph cannot pass the familiar door. Two of his boon companions—“owners of the two most appreciative throats in the neighbourhood”—are in the warm kitchen sitting face to face over a three-legged circular table like “the setting sun and the full moon shining *vis-à-vis* across the globe.” They drink and talk as only Mr. Hardy’s rustics can talk, especially with such a topic as death for a text, and Joseph joins them—his sense of duty urging him to leave, but the talk and the drink prevailing on him to stay. Oak comes in upon them, and, finding Joseph helpless, leaves him in the inn, and drives the cart to the churchyard. The parson is still there, though the night is closing in. It is not too late. But “Have you the Registrar’s certificate?” No, Joseph had omitted to give it, and Joseph was two miles off, at the “Buck’s Head,” helplessly drunk. The funeral had to be put off, and the coffin is taken for the night to Bathsheba’s house. Thus Bathsheba learned the secret of poor Fanny’s death, and saw revealed to her Troy’s selfish perfidy to Fanny, and felt the weight of his cruelty to herself. And this, the most dramatic incident in the book, is brought about by what? By Joseph Poorgrass’s innocently and naturally going into the “Buck’s Head” to warm himself at the kitchen fire. In this careful fitting in of the pieces of his puzzle, and in the use of trifling circumstances either to work up to the *dénouement* or to prepare the mind for the incidents which are to follow, Mr. Hardy shows his skill. The book is prodigal of incidents apparently irreconcilable with each other. But by delicate contrivances of the kind indicated they are made to cohere, and to form a connected and not altogether incredible story.

It is impossible to give the roughest outline of the plot, nor can we even attempt to analyse the characters. “Bathsheba and her Lovers” the novel might have been called (except that its own title is very much better), and the interest of the story consists in contrasting the three lovers in their respective attitudes towards the heroine. She is a rustic beauty fond of admiration, loving her independence, without much heart but with a brave spirit, a sharp hand at a bargain, an arrant flirt overflowing with vanity, but modest within. “As a girl, had she been put into a low dress, she would have run and thrust her head into a bush; yet she was not a shy girl by any means. It was merely her instinct to draw the line dividing the seen from the unseen higher than they do in towns.” “She has her faults,” says Oak to the toll-keeper, after his first meeting with her, “and the greatest of them is—well, what it is always—vanity.” “I want somebody to tame me,” she says herself; “I’m too independent.” Oak is not the man to perform so difficult an achievement. He has too many Christian characteristics and too limited a power of utterance to succeed with Bathsheba. He finds difficulty in “mapping out his mind upon his tongue.” He wishes she knew his impressions, but “he would as soon have thought of carrying an odour in a net as attempting to convey the intangibilities of his feeling in the coarse meshes of language.” He serves her like a faithful dog for many weary years, suffering patiently more than the usual share of ill-treatment, until, after various vicissitudes in her existence and in that of her two more favoured lovers, he finally reaps the reward of his dumb devotion.

The main stream of the narrative, though sparkling with fun, and sunshine, and green fields, is deeply tragic, culminating in

murder, madness, and something very like what Nan Coggan (one of the rustics) calls “committing the seventh.” But inside the main stream and eddying, as it were, beneath it, there runs a sad episode, the episode of Fanny Robin. She appears only three times; once when she meets Oak on the night of the fire when she is running away from home; a second time, wandering all alone by the riverside in the dark winter night, and attempting to attract Troy’s attention by feebly throwing little fragments of snow at his barrack-room window “till the wall must have become pimpled with the adhering lumps of snow”; and a third time struggling faintly and with faltering steps to the workhouse, when her exhausted nature could scarce support the weight of the wretched burden it had to bear. The author has put out his whole force in the description of these last two incidents. The first is original. The second may have been suggested by the well-known chapter in *Adam Bede* entitled “The Journey in Despair.” But, whether so suggested or not, it stands comparison not unfairly even with that most painful narrative of the shipwreck of a girl’s life. And the power and taste which Mr. Hardy shows in these scenes and in others, some of which we have noticed indirectly, justify the belief that, if he will only throw aside his mannerism and eccentricity, and devote himself zealously to the cultivation of his art, he may rise to a high position among English novelists.

GEDDES ON CELTIC PHILOLOGY.*

IT is a relief, after dealing with such wild specimens of Celtic etymology as we ever and anon come across, to turn to a discourse in which the Celtic tongues are dealt with by the hand of one who knows what their real place in the great family of languages is. And that place is a very important one, and one of which no group of languages need be ashamed. Professor Geddes, as a scholar addressing hearers who doubtless at least aspire to be scholars, does not make it his business to root up either popular errors or individual crazes. He does not waste time in showing that Welsh is neither the origin of English nor yet closely akin to Hebrew. There are quarters in which such labour would not be thrown away; but it is clear from Mr. Geddes’s lecture that, in addressing the University Celtic Society of Aberdeen, the leading truths of comparative philology may safely be taken for granted. Mr. Geddes, speaking of Celtic languages at Aberdeen, has naturally more to say about Gaelic than about Welsh, and speaking as Professor of Greek, he naturally speaks of Gaelic mainly in its relations to Greek and Latin. But here again he does not treat us to any such paradox as Mr. Francis Newman treated us to some years back, when he tried to establish a direct Gaelic element in the Latin language. Mr. Geddes simply takes Gaelic as one language of the Aryan family. He shows that, as some of the languages of that family have preserved something of the original common stock which has been lost in the others, something by which peculiarities of the others, otherwise hard to understand, may be explained, so this is eminently the case with Gaelic. Those who fancy that the object of comparative philology is to “derive” Gaelic or Greek or English, or any other language, “from” Sanscrit would be puzzled at a *hæc* of argument which assumes throughout that any one of those languages may here and there preserve forms which are older—that is, which have departed less from the original common forms—than the corresponding forms in Sanscrit. But it is plain that the Celtic students at Aberdeen are quite prepared to receive this. As there is no fear of their thinking that their Professor’s object is to “derive” Gaelic from Greek or Sanscrit, so, when he shows that here and there Gaelic preserves a form older than Greek, or even older than Sanscrit, there seems to be no fear of their thinking that his object is to “derive” either of those languages from Gaelic.

Before going into the other questions of Celtic philology, Mr. Geddes points out, what it is a gain to have pointed out just now, the incidental witness which the Gaelic bears to the true pronunciation of Latin. In the ecclesiastical and other words which Gaelic has borrowed from Latin—loan-words, Mr. Geddes calls them—the Gaelic, as a rule, keeps the hard sound of *c*—*sacerdos*, *discipulus*, *carcer*, *officium*, become *sagart*, *deisciobul* (with hard *c*), *carcair*, *oifeag*. It is plain then that, when these words passed from Latin into Gaelic, the *c* was still sounded hard in Latin. For no one who knows anything of the course which such changes take will fancy that a soft Latin *c* would become hard in Gaelic. Mr. Geddes quotes a few instances in which, chiefly owing to English influences, the Latin *c* has been softened in Gaelic. But this of course proves nothing the other way; it is only what one would naturally look for; one case in which the *c* remains hard proves more than a hundred in which it is softened. These Gaelic examples are of themselves enough to prove that no one need shrink from talking about *Kikero* or from sounding *vicissim* like *we kiss him*.

But this preservation of the hard *c* or *g* in words borrowed from the Latin is connected with another tendency in the Gaelic language about which Mr. Geddes has much to say. This is the way in which Gaelic cleaves to the hard *c* sound in natural Irish words, and its corresponding dislike to *p* at the beginning of words. This last it shares with several other languages. We might almost

* *The Philologic Uses of the Celtic Tongue.* A Lecture by William D. Geddes, M.A., Professor of Greek, University of Aberdeen, to the University Celtic Society. Aberdeen: A. and R. Milne. 1874.

reckon English as one; for, though *p* in an English Dictionary fills up many pages, many more than *f*; yet, if we come to look through them, we shall find that an overwhelming majority of the words beginning with *p* are what Mr. Geddes calls "loan-words." But in Gaelic there is a distinct tendency, a tendency shared to some extent by Latin, to get rid of the initial *p*. Take, for instance, Latin *pater*, English *father*, Gaelic *athair*, Latin *piscis*, Welsh *pyss*, English *fish*, Gaelic *iasg*. The interchange of *c* and *p* is familiar to every one who compares the Greek dialects with one another, and the Latin with the remains of Oscan. And the various ways in which the hard sound of *c* has been softened in nearly all languages, even in Sanscrit itself, are still more familiar. Mr. Geddes picks out Latin and Gaelic as having in this matter stuck more steadily to the primitive forms than any other of the kindred tongues; and Gaelic he points to enthusiastically as having stuck to them far more steadily than Latin. Greek and Welsh, on the other hand, have greatly fallen off, having often changed the *c* sound into *p*, where in Gaelic it is still unmixed *c*, and where in Latin it has been only modified "by the crutch of a parasitic letter into *qu*." Gaelic indeed cleaves to the *c* sound, and shrinks so much from an initial *p* that the *p* in words borrowed from the Latin is often changed into *c*. *Pascha* becomes *casg*, *purpura* becomes *corcor*, *pæna* becomes *cain*. Nay, there is at least one word in which Gaelic cleaves to *c* contra mundum. *Padas*, πῶς, *pes*, *foot*, *fuss*, is in Gaelic *cas*. But the most curious point about this matter is the obvious contrast between Gaelic and Welsh afforded by the extreme frequency of *p* at the beginning of Welsh surnames. "Casual observers," as Mr. Geddes truly says, do not fail to remark this peculiarity, and an observer even one degree removed from the casual can hardly fail to know that the peculiarity is owing to the form of the Welsh patronymic *ab* or *ap*. This leaves its mark—sometimes *b*, but far more commonly *p*—at the beginning of the Welsh surnames, whether, like Price and Powell, formed from native Welsh Christian names, or, like Pugh and Prichard, from Christian names borrowed from other languages. But people who know that the Welsh patronymic is *Ap* and that the Gaelic patronymic is *Mac* are sometimes a little puzzled at finding the two Celtic patronymics seemingly so unlike one another. Mr. Geddes here steps in, with somewhat of glee, to show that the two are really the same, that the *ap* and its survival the *p* are simply the sturdy Irish monosyllable sadly worn away on British lips:—

When we come to examine this initial *P* of the Welsh proper names, when we put it under the philologic microscope, what does it turn out to be? I hardly know a more curious fact in language than this, that the *P* of these Welsh names is the remnant of the words answering to your Scotch *Mac* as a prefix in Surnames, and that Pritchard is neither more nor less than Mac-Richard, Price for Mac-Rice, Pugh for Mac-Hugh. For *Mac* comes out in Welsh, by labialising tendency, as *Map*, a Son, which, when aspirated becomes *vap* or *vab*, and this *vap* or *vab* evanesces into *ap* or *ab* (cf. the Welsh name Aphthomas), and then finally subsides into *P* of Pritchard, and such words as we have named.

Another instance of the Gaelic cleaving to *c* is shown by the fact that, while the Latin initial *gn* so often sank into *n*, and while in the English initial *kn* nobody sounds the *k*, Gaelic *cnoc* is still sounded as English *knock* should be, not as it is. Or, if the sound is changed at all, it becomes, not *nac*, but *croc*, with which Mr. Geddes compares γρόν, κνύ, and κνίς, *crepusculum*, γρόμων, *groma*, *grammaticus*.

Mr. Geddes goes on to remark on the apparently early character of the Gaelic alphabet, which contains only eighteen letters, and, as he adds, deals with *x y z* as strictly "unknown quantities." This, he suggests, is owing to its having branched off from the common stock before the enlargement of the Greek and Latin alphabets. But is it likely that any Irish-speaking people should have been possessed of alphabetic writing at so early a time? Mr. Geddes does not say whether he attributes the Gaelic alphabet to a direct Phœnician origin or to an intercourse with Greece or Italy—perhaps with Massalia across Gaul—earlier than one would have thought of. It is, on the other hand, quite possible that Gaelic, in adopting the Latin alphabet, dropped such letters as it had no use for, as indeed Greek itself gradually did in adopting the Phœnician alphabet.

Mr. Geddes then goes on to the region of grammatical inflexions and other forms, where his object is to show that several forms, which are meaningless in other languages, can be explained by the Gaelic, that is to say that the Gaelic has, in these instances, fallen away less from the original shape than other languages. Thus he explains for the Gaelic the genitive in *asya*, ὅστω, the common termination of the agent in *er* or *or*, and several other forms in several of the kindred tongues. Especially about the numerals Mr. Geddes has a good deal to say, as he holds that their Gaelic forms preserve a greater amount of "primitive feature" than Sanscrit itself. And in one case where the Gaelic form is much contracted, the process of contraction suggests an instructive analogy. The Gaelic *dara* answers to the Sanscrit *deityas*, the Greek δειῖτες. On this Mr. Geddes remarks:—

It seems to be the Greek δειῖτες under Celtic laws, for it was a Celtic feature to drop a *r* between two vowels, and so, just as *pater* and *mater* have Celticised into the French *père* and *mère*, we may form the proportion—

Pater : FRENCH, *père* :: δειῖτες : GAELIC, *dara*.

He then goes on to comment on the practice of the Gaelic and the Celtic tongues generally of counting by scores, and on the traces of the same way of reckoning to be found in French, "in geologic phrase," as he says, "a cropping up of primitive Celtic rock even under a Latin soil." Now we may perhaps find some further proof

that the puzzling form taken by the larger French numerals really is a trace of Celtic usage when we remember that it is not found in Italian. An Italian says "nonanta otto," and you know what he means; a Frenchman says "quatre-vingt dix-huit," and you have to do a sum to follow his reckoning. But more than this, in Provence the forms *septante*, *huitante*, *nonante*, are by no means unknown, though of course it is a sign of the "bad French" of the old Roman land to use them. Mr. Geddes goes on to say:—

That is no doubt interesting, but the real interest lies here, in the scale itself. Whence came it? How did it originate? We can all understand the scale in savage life of Five; the πεντάκτις of Proteus in the Fourth Odyssey is a primitive feature, showing that the Greeks knew races who could not or did not count beyond the fingers of one hand. Any one can understand also the common scale of ten from the digits of both hands, but in what way can the gigantic scale of twenty be explained? It may move the gravity of some, and perhaps the displeasure of others, to be told that it has come from adding the toes of the feet to the fingers of the hand, and that it therefore dates from a time when the digits of the feet were available for numerical purposes. It is a mode of reckoning therefore that is antecedent to the art of Shoemaking, and belongs to the early morning of the world, when the great forefathers of the human race, as in the days of the Patriarchs, walked barefooted, or on sandals, in some warmer clime.

Now of course this is not distinctively Celtic; it is Teutonic as well. We have our "threescore and ten," and the rest of it. But has Mr. Geddes anything to say about another tendency of ours, that of reckoning by twelves? We have our dozen, sometimes enlarged into a baker's dozen; we have our gross of green spectacles; we have our "great hundred" of 120, which seems to have a good deal puzzled the drawers up of Domesday. Then of course twelve is a favourite number everywhere; but why? Carrying out Mr. Geddes's notion, does it point to a form of shoe or sandal—which left the great toes bare and hid the others? That would give twelve visible digits to reckon by.

It may be that some of Mr. Geddes's examples are fairly open to question; but he goes throughout on the right track. He may possibly value Gaelic too highly, but he values it in the right way. And he calls on those of his hearers to whom Gaelic is a mother-tongue to work out the same line of research more fully. And he winds up with a contrast between Germany, where no Celtic is spoken, and yet the language is philologically studied, and has professors whose business it is to expound it, and Great Britain, where two forms of Celtic are spoken, but where there is not a Celtic chair in any University, English or Scottish. He claims to begin with his own Aberdeen, the University which naturally attracts the greatest number of Celtic-speaking students. Anyhow the lack is a real one; the languages of those who are the forefathers of some of the inhabitants of Britain and—in the Domesday sense—the antecessores of all should surely not be left wholly to German, or even to Irish, research.

HODGSON'S ESSAYS ON NEPÁL AND TIBET.*

ALL of these essays are twice-told tales, and some now make their appearance for the third, and some even for the fourth, time. Not a few were published originally in the "Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society," from which they were reprinted in Mr. Hodgson's *Illustrations of the Literature and Religion of the Buddhists*. Subsequently they appeared in the *Phoenix*, and finally have been again brought into notice in the present shape. In the preface we are told that the object of thus reproducing them is to place "within the reach of scholars matter which few of them have means or opportunity to consult in the 'Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society,' or in the 'Selections from the Records of the Government of Bengal.'" As most of them were published between the years 1828 and 1838, it is no small praise to say that, with the additions and corrections which have been incorporated in them, they are still important contributions to our knowledge of the countries of which they treat. Mr. Hodgson's long residence in Nepal gave him every opportunity of acquainting himself with the literature and religion of the country, and at the same time enabled him to gather much important information concerning the neighbouring country of Tibet.

With the exception of Roman Catholic missionaries, few Europeans have ever succeeded in crossing the Tibetan frontiers. The extreme jealousy of the officials, partly due to dread lest their country should, like India, fall a prey to foreign invasion, has kept us in almost complete ignorance of everything relating to the people and institutions of Tibet. Personal knowledge on these subjects not being obtainable, we must be grateful for any secondhand information which conscientious workers like Mr. Hodgson can supply. Religion has almost in every country been the great propagator of learning, and Tibet is no exception to the rule. Just as the introduction of Buddhism into Japan from China led to the spread of the vast literature of China among the ignorant Japanese, so in like manner have the Tibetans benefited by the proselytizing zeal of the Buddhist priests from India. All that is valuable in Tibetan literature is borrowed directly from India, and consists chiefly of translations of the Buddhist Scriptures. And though the divine character ascribed by the Tibetans to their Grand Lama is a distinct heterodoxy, they in the main hold in their entirety both the esoteric and exoteric doctrines of the Northern school of Buddhism. At first the Indian

* *Essays on the Languages, Literature, and Religion of Nepal and Tibet; together with further Papers on the Geography, Ethnology, and Commerce of those Countries.* By B. H. Hodgson. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

missionaries sought to supplant the language of the country by Sanskrit; but, finding the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the reform insurmountable, they contented themselves with translating the Scriptures into Tibetan, but transcribing them in the Devanagari character. The very general use of printing in Tibet served to spread far and wide the doctrines of the new faith, and before long Buddhism took that firm hold on the people which it has ever since retained. However baneful the effect of the influence of China over Tibet may be in other respects, the Tibetans owe a deep debt of gratitude to their neighbours for imparting to them the art of printing from wooden blocks. It has served to civilize them and elevate them above their neighbours, and through its instrumentality books are produced at so cheap a rate that, as Mr. Hodgson observes, the literature of the country is "so widely diffused as to reach persons covered with filth and destitute of every one of those thousand luxuries which (at least in our ideas) precede the great luxury of books." The contrast between this widespread education and the darkness which prevails in Nepal, where only one dialect out of the thirteen spoken by the natives can boast of a single book or even a system of letters, original or borrowed, is striking, and is plainly due to the different lots which have befallen the people of the two countries since their separation. For more than ten centuries Tibet has been under the peaceful rule of China. The people have been protected against foreign foes and the disturbers of internal peace, the arts have been encouraged, and education has, as we have seen, been promoted. The country is not of a nature to be rich in agricultural and manufacturing products, as the following extract proves; but good and efficient use is made of the materials available, as the bazaars of Lassa and the caravans which find their way eastward into China and westward into India testify. In his paper on the "Aborigines of the Himalaya" Mr. Hodgson thus describes the physical features of Tibet:—

Tibet is a truncated triangular plateau, stretching obliquely from south-east to north-west, between 28° and 36° of north latitude and 72° and 102° of east longitude. It is cold and dry in the extreme, owing to its enormous elevation, averaging 12,000 feet above the sea, to the still vaster height of those snowy barriers which surround it on every side, and which on the south reach 20,000 feet, to an uncommon absence of rain and cloud, to the extreme rarification of its atmosphere, to its saline and sandy soil, and, as a consequence of all these, and a reciprocating cause too, to the excessive scantiness of its vegetation. It is bounded on the south by the Hemáchal, on the north by the Kuenlun, on the west by the Behir, and on the east by the Yün-ling—all for the most part perpetually snowclad, and of which the very passes on the south average 16,000 to 17,000 feet of elevation. Tibet is, for the most part, a plain, and a single plain, but one extremely cut up by ravines, varied much by low bare hills, and partially divided in its length by several parallel ranges approaching the elevation of its barriers, and between the third and fourth of which ranges stand its capitals of Lhása and Digarchi.

But, though barren and unprofitable as regards its vegetation, it is rich in metals. Gold and silver are found in abundance, and the workers in metals drive a thriving business in manufacturing gold and silver vases and all kinds of metal ornaments for the use of the Lamaseries and the houses of the wealthy inhabitants. The people are thrifty and industrious, and, though their manner of living is extremely plain, their actual wants are well provided for.

Far other fortunes have overtaken the inhabitants of Nepal. Having crossed the Himalayas before learning had dawned upon Tibet, they found themselves in a wild and mountainous country where, amid the huge mountain barriers which divide this part of the southern slope of the Himalayas, they soon became separated into tribes, and gradually lost all sense of common relationship. The usual result of such a state of things with regard to their language followed, and at the present day, as we have said, no fewer than thirteen dialects are spoken within the limits of Nepal. The principal of these is the Newari, or the language of Nepal Proper, between which and the language of Tibet a connexion is plainly to be traced. Mr. Hodgson gives us at p. 3 a comparison of a number of words in both tongues, and if the large infusion of Sanskrit words which have found their way into the Newari be set aside, it will be seen at a glance that a common Northern origin is discernible in both. The vernaculars spoken by the remaining tribes are dialects of the Newari, with the exception of the Khas, or Parbattia. This is substantially Hindee in structure and in eight-tenths of its vocabularies, and the people themselves have been changed by an infusion of Southern blood from "barbarous mountaineers of a race essentially the same with the several other races of the Nepalese Highlanders" into the modern dominant military order of Nepal. Driven by the tide of Mussulmán conquest from the plains of India, multitudes of Brahmans sought shelter in the neighbouring hills of Nepal. There they laboured to gain converts to Hinduism, and, as a means of extending their influence, they contracted alliances with the daughters of the land. In defiance of the laws of their creed, they communicated to their offspring the rank of the second order of Hinduism, and thus established for them a superiority over the surrounding natives which they have since maintained. The men make excellent soldiers. They are devoid of the religious prejudices of the people of the plain. They willingly carry several days' provisions on their backs, an act which our Sepoys would consider intolerably degrading; and they see "in foreign service nothing but the prospect of glory and spoil," while our Indian troops "can discover in it nothing but pollution and peril from unclean men and terrible wizards, goblins, and evil spirits." Since his paper was written, recruiting among them has been more extensively carried out than formerly, and the opinion which Mr. Hodgson expressed in 1833 of their superiority as soldiers has been fully justified by their behaviour in the ranks of our army during and since the Mutiny.

Like the physical features of Nepal, the tribes inhabiting it may be divided into the Upper, the Central, and the Lower. Under the first head may be classified the Newar and the other dominant unbroken tribes of the hills. These Mr. Hodgson believes to be the latest immigrants from the North, from the fact, among others, that "in general they are distinguished by languages of the simpler Turanian type; whereas the languages of the other or broken tribes are of the complex or pronominalized type, tending, like their physical attributes, towards assimilation with the Dravidian, or the Ho, Sontal, or Munda, sub-families of the sons of Tur." The broken tribes form the second division, and the third is composed of the helot craftsmen of the mountains and valleys. It is difficult to understand why men exercising such necessary callings as those of blacksmiths, carpenters, curriers, &c., should be in the eyes of their neighbours looked upon as degraded to the extent of being outcasts, but such is the case. And something of the same system is to be found in Japan, where, however, the social ban is confined to tanners, shoemakers, leather-cutters, and skimmers.

We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Hodgson into his papers on the Geography of the Himalayas, on Buddhist Philosophy, and on the manners and customs of the various mountain tribes. All these possess considerable interest, and his account of the initiatory rites of the Buddhist priesthood is well worth reading. As we have already said, the papers before us are valuable contributions to our knowledge of Nepal and Tibet, and if we have any fault to find with the work, it is owing to the want of method shown in the arrangement of its contents. All attempt to place the papers in their natural sequence appears to have been neglected, and the consequence is that we have served up to us, in anything but the most readable type, an outwardly unattractive medley of valuable but disjointed matter.

JESSIE TRIM.*

"CRITICS are rarely merry," says Mr. Farjeon in the story before us. "Congregations are rarely wakeful," we shall next have some long-winded preacher reproachfully say. To ask for merriment in a critic, or wakefulness in a man preached at, is as unreasonable as it was to require a song of the Jews in their heaviness. The time indeed once was when the absurdities of modern novels did amuse us, and when we had the same kind of pleasure in attacking them that a child has in laying about with a stick in a large bed of nettles or thistles. But in the absurdities of each generation of writers there is a sad sameness, and stories which by their extravagance would at one time have raised a laugh now only make us yawn. We doubt, however, if at any time we could have become merry over one of Mr. Farjeon's stories, any more than we could have become jovial over sugar and water. There is nothing duller than weak sentimentality. Mr. Farjeon has apparently made a careful study of Dickens, and has managed to catch some of the tricks of that eminent writer when he was at his worst. Besides a weak sentimentality and a forced humour he has very little to show, unless indeed we except the length to which he can draw out his story. The whole story of *Jessie Trim* might very well have been got into one volume, just as a gallon of London milk before the inspectors were so active might at one time have been carried in a quart measure. In reading a novel there is happily such a thing as skipping. In going through the one before us the reader would be quite satisfied, we should imagine, if he were to read one page in every five. He would know the whole plot of the story and would have had as much sentimentality and humour as any ordinary person could stand. The first page of the first volume will show our readers the school of writers to which Mr. Farjeon belongs, and what kind of entertainment they will find provided for them should they care to read further. It is as follows:—

As my earliest remembrances are associated with my grandmother's wedding, it takes natural precedence here of all other matter. I was not there, of course, but I seem to see it through a mist, and I have a distinct impression of certain actors in the scene. These are: a smoke-dried monkey of a man in stone, my grandmother, my grandfather (whom I never saw in the flesh), and a man with a knob on the top of his head, making a meal off his finger-nails.

Naturally, this man's head is bald. Naturally, this man's nails are eaten down to the quick. I am unable to state how I come to the knowledge of these details, but I know them, and am prepared to stand by them. Sitting, as I see myself, in a very low armchair—in which I am such an exact fit that when I rise it rises with me, much to my discomfort—I hear my grandmother say,

"He had a knob on the top of his head, and he was always eating his nails."

Then a solemn pause ensues, broken by my grandmother adding, in a dismal tone:

"And the last time I set eyes on him was on my wedding-day."

It is curious to notice how this old lady, though she dies off quite at the beginning of the story, talks as if she had spent her whole life in reading Mr. Farjeon's novels. We should have thought that in so old a lady our modern style of talk was as much out of place as were the policemen whom she describes herself as seeing on the day of her marriage. The smoke-dried monkey of a man in stone is later on described at a length which is fully justified by the important part it plays. The grandmother talks to it. She had had it in her pocket on her wedding-day. "It will belong to you, child," she

* *Jessie Trim*. A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

says to her grandson, "when I am gone. It must be kept always in the family." The author talks of it even more than the grandmother talks to it, without however having that excuse which may be justly put forward by an old woman. The hero always keeps it with him, till towards the end of the third volume an old piece of a newspaper that had been found hidden away in it leads to the exposure of a villain. The utmost villainy indeed which this villain seemed likely to execute was to cheat a hairdresser of a few pounds, and so it might be objected that the miraculous preservation of the monkey-man and the newspaper was scarcely justified by the event. At one time, however, it had seemed that the heroine was in great danger of being herself led astray. The reader therefore is comforted in the midst of his anxieties by the knowledge that the hero has a strong force in reserve. Let villainy do its worst. There is in his family a stone figure of a monkey-man, which he had received from his grandmother. This aged lady, who was more venerable than amiable, had had among her numerous lovers, as she tells her little grandson, one Anthony Bullpit. He committed a forgery a day or two before her marriage, and was brought by the police into the town just as the wedding-party was coming out of church. It is not often that an author gives a minute account of the arrest of a man which took place at the very time that the hero's grandmother was married. If the forgery either directly or indirectly had borne on the story, the long account that is given of it might perhaps have been excused. The popular taste however is not, we presume, even yet satisfied with all the tales that have been published of detectives. Mr. Farjeon accordingly invented a detective in the early days of the hero's grandmother, and glorifies him as only detectives can be glorified. The forger is traced out by a fragment of bread which he had left on the table of a Liverpool eating-house. "The marks of the teeth were on it, but the only mark I saw," said the detective, "was a little ridge in the centre of the bite—just such a ridge as would be left by a man who had a slit between two of his teeth, as Anthony Bullpit had." The forger, having been guilty of such an act of folly and ill-breeding as to bite his bread at dinner instead of breaking it, was of course arrested. The whole account of this great incident is contained in the fragment of a newspaper that was found in the stone figure. To judge by the style in which it is written, it would seem that not only policemen and detectives, but also the *Daily Telegraph* itself, can boast of a greater antiquity than we had at all thought possible. Bullpit disappears altogether from the story. In fact, though the narrative of his crime fills more than twenty pages, yet he never really appears on the stage at all. So full a description, however, is given of his person, of his front teeth, a knob he had on his head, and his habit of biting his nails, that by it the respectable Mr. Glover, who is trying to ensnare the heroine and has actually ensnared a worthy hairdresser, is at once recognized as the forger's son. We should hardly say at once though, for it is not till the hero has a strange dream, which fills about seven pages, that he puts together all the circumstances—the monkey-man, the knob, the teeth, and the nail-biting—and sees that "he has a lever which would cause Mr. Glover" (the villain Bullpit's son) "to cease his attentions" to the heroine. Such a dream as this is fittingly introduced by the following philosophical reflection:—

To me, the most wonderful feature in the physiology of dreams has always been the fact that time, the dominant and inexorable tyrant which rules and guides our course, and regulates the passions and emotions of life, is in our sleep utterly set at naught; a lifetime is compressed in a moment, as it were, and between waking and sleeping a hundred years of history are played out.

We wish that novelists would find some dominant tyrant who would rule and regulate them whenever they feel inclined to write nonsense. The plot of the story, which seemed at first to be a little complicated, is wonderfully cleared up by a letter of greater length even than the extract from the newspaper, for it fills twenty-five pages. It was written by the heroine's mother, but was not opened till some years after her death. When the aged grandmother died, the hero, who was still a child, and his mother, had been reduced to such misery that they were close on starvation. They were rescued by his uncle Bryan, an atheistical grocer in a very small way of business. Whatever merit there is in Mr. Farjeon's book lies in the character of this surly and atheistical, but honest-hearted, grocer. He had been soured in life partly by the injudicious conduct of his parents, partly by the belief that his wife had not been faithful to him. Discovering, as he thought, proofs of her infidelity, he had at once left her, throwing up at the same time his business as an accountant and all his prospects in life. She at the same time was equally convinced that he had been unfaithful towards her, and so made no effort to follow him. Both in reality were innocent, but between them had come a wicked cousin who had slandered each to the other. The hero's mother does all that a good woman can to turn a grocer from the errors of his ways, but he is obstinate in refusing to attend her either to church or chapel. She is forced at last to give up all her efforts to convert him, and to leave him to his favourite Sunday book, the *Age of Reason*. When the hero had come to that age which absolutely requires the appearance of a heroine, Jessie Trim suddenly comes upon the scene. She had been born to Aunt Bryan shortly after her husband had left her for ever, and now on her mother's death had been sent to her father's house. Uncle Bryan accepts the care of her, though, in his firm conviction of his wife's guilt, he feels sure that she is not his daughter. She too tries to get him to church, and persists so

much in the attempt that it led at last to an open quarrel. From her mother she had received some letters which she was not to open till her eighteenth birthday. When that day came she learnt first of all that Uncle Bryan was her father. Then she found that she was directed, if he had shown himself more tender towards her than he had been towards his wife, to hand him one of two letters and burn the other. Unhappily, for him and, we may add, for the reader too, Bryan had been as rough as an atheistical grocer could well be, and so he receives the letter of twenty-five pages from his dead wife. Jessie disappears from the house, and Bryan soon afterwards disappears too. The hero's mother falls dangerously ill and becomes delirious, and there is nothing left to give the reader any confidence in things coming straight in the end but the stone figure of the man with the monkey-face. He is supported, too, by the conviction that the end of the third volume cannot find a grocer still an atheist. Jessie had not only her father to reform but the hero also, for, like too many heroes, he showed far greater affection for his mistress than for his mother. She keeps out of his way for a good many months, leaving him in the greatest anxiety, and racked by suspicions that she prefers the wicked Mr. Glover, till at last he is found to be so fond of his mother that he is allowed to be not unworthy of a wife. Then the stone figure gives up its secret, the hairdresser discovers a knob on Mr. Glover's head that corresponds to that described in the old newspaper, Uncle Bryan gets softened, and the hero and heroine get married. They have in course of time a baby born to them, but a baby whose grandfather is an atheist and a grocer cannot count on any long life. It comes into the world in the last page but one of the story, and goes out of it in the last page of all. To make up for the loss Uncle Bryan was found to have laid aside the *Age of Reason* and to be sitting by the side of the coffin reading the Bible. It costs, we believe, about one thousand pounds a head to convert a Jew. A grocer, it would seem, can only be converted by the death of a child.

We are afraid that there is little hope of curing Mr. Farjeon of his weak sentimentality. To his readers, if they delight in such sickly sweetness, we would venture to recommend a course of Swift. If they once acquired a liking for Swift's masculine style, they would find it a hard matter indeed to read through such a story as this of *Jessie Trim*.

MINOR NOTICES.

A COMPLETE edition of Lamb's writings* in prose and verse has long been wanted, and is now supplied. Mr. Shepherd, the editor, appears to have taken great pains to bring together Lamb's scattered contributions, and his collection contains a number of pieces which are now reproduced for the first time since their original appearance in various old periodicals. He has also restored passages which had been cancelled in previous editions of Lamb's works, a task perhaps of questionable discretion. Mr. Shepherd thinks that the popularity of the *Essays of Elia* has been allowed unfairly to overshadow the genius of Lamb in other directions, but this collection of his writings only confirms the impression that Elia contains the cream of his wit, humour, and pathos. Still there is much that is interesting in his other productions. Some of the dramatic criticisms are of especial value, and possess a permanent application. There are, for instance, some remarks which have certainly not lost their force on the absurd "fashion of complimenting every performer in his turn that has had the luck to please the town in any of the great characters of Shakspeare, with the notion of possessing a mind congenial with the poet's." He is amazed that "people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read and recite the same when put into words," and he cannot see "what connexion that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man which a great dramatic poet possesses has with those low tricks upon the eye and ear which a player, by observing a few general effects which some common passion, as grief, anger, &c., usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass." The essay on Hogarth is also very characteristic. A laugh may be got even at this distance of time at the mock biography of Liston, and the pretended letter of Munden in deprecation of similar treatment; and the farce of "Mr. H—," though clearly unfit for the stage on account of the inadequacy of the mystery for the production of a startling effect, is amusing to read. Lamb's poetical writings, though not consistently of a high quality, are welcome for the good bits to be found in them; and the tale of "Rosamond Gray," while it reveals the writer's want of constructive power, is full of sweet and delicate touches.

M. Berjeau, who has already distinguished himself—as we have before had occasion to note—by his antiquarian researches and reproductions, has published a skilfully-executed facsimile of an old Dutch book† in the British Museum, which gives an interesting account of a voyage to India in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The work appears to have hitherto escaped notice; yet there can be little doubt of its historical

* *The Complete Works in Prose and Verse of Charles Lamb*. Edited and Prefaced by R. H. Shepherd. With Portraits and Facsimile of Manuscript. Chatto & Windus.

† *Calcoen: Facsimile of a Dutch Narrative of the Second Voyage of Vasco da Gama to Calicut*. With Introduction and Translation by J. Ph. Berjeau. Pickering.

value, inasmuch as it contains what is evidently an original narrative of Vasco da Gama's second voyage to India, written by one of his companions. It is true that Gama's name does not occur in any part of the narrative, but the general incidents of the voyage of which an account is given correspond so closely to those of Da Gama's second voyage in 1502, to revenge the destruction of the Portuguese at Calicut, that it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the two voyages are identical; and, as the book is not known to be a translation, it must be presumed that it was written by some Dutchman in Gama's company. "This," it begins, "is the voyage which a man wrote himself, how far he sailed with 70 ships from the river of Lisbon, in Portugal, to go to Calicut in India." Of course this does not imply that all these vessels went to India in a body; indeed we know from other sources that the expedition was divided into several squadrons, of which Gama commanded one. The writer's account of the various incidents of the voyage is very simple and ingenious, as, for example:—"We passed beyond a town called Oan (Goa), and there is a King . . . and we took 410 ships from Oan, and we killed the people and burnt the ships." "We took a Meecha ship, on board of which were 380 men and many women and children, and we took from it at least 12,000 ducats, and at least 10,000 more worth of goods, and we burnt the ship and all the people on board with gunpowder, on the first day of October." Again, in the attack on Calicoen (Calicut), "we took a great number of people, and we hanged them to the yards of the ships, and, taking them down, we cut off their hands, feet, and heads; and we took one of their ships, and threw into it the hands, feet, and heads, and we wrote a letter, which we put on a stick, and we left the ship to go adrift towards the land."

It may perhaps at first sight seem strange that a Scotch Professor of Metaphysics should be found going back to English philosophy as the fountain of truth, and recommending Bishop Berkeley* as a guide to students. Dr. Fraser, however, while laying stress on the historical and educational value of Berkeley's writings, is careful to guard against the supposition that he thinks they furnish an adequate solution of the problem of the universe. The selections are arranged so as to give a systematic view of the theories of perception and matter, suggestion and the external world, and the notion of mind, in the individual percipient and in the universe. This supplies what the editor considers "a possible and warrantable conception" of life, but he does not omit to point out that Berkeley has not succeeded in carrying his principles to the highest point, and rising from self-consciousness of sensations to the "notion" of divine or perfect intelligence. "The exercise," he observes, "of trying to do this, or else to show how and why it cannot be done, in human and finite knowledge, may be one of the beneficial exercises suggested by Berkeley even to the advanced student." There can be no doubt that the value of Berkeley's system is rather negative than positive, and lies more in clearing away the dust so that others may see for themselves than in anything he has himself to show. One of his greatest merits is certainly his hostility to sickly metaphysical fancies and obscure jargon. Berkeley has shown that it is possible to write on metaphysical subjects in language as clear, simple, and intelligible as that which is used in ordinary intercourse.

Mr. Black's charming *Princess of Thule* has brought into fashion the remote grey island of the Western sea, Lewis, or the Lews, as it is locally called, and there can be no doubt that in some ways it is an exceedingly interesting and romantic place; yet those who may be tempted to visit it will do well to moderate their expectations. The sentimental beauty of a dull tract of black bog and barren rock, wrapped in a cloud of drenching mist, rather requires the poetic vision for its full enjoyment; and the natives, though there is much to admire in their simple honesty and natural courage, will probably disappoint those who are not prepared for their actual manners and appearance. It cannot be said that Mr. Smith† idealizes too much. He appears to have spent some time in intimate association with the islanders, and he has given them a rather coarse, but spirited and graphic account of them. The houses of the Lewisians are of the most rude and primitive type; the floor is of earth; and the occupants share this miserable accommodation with their cows, poultry, and other live stock. They say the cows like to have their company and see the fire, and, as they are their great mainstay, they pet them accordingly, giving them fish-bones as a treat, and treating them with affectionate familiarity. Fifty years ago there was only one bowl in Carloway district, and this was passed from house to house in special honour of the minister when he made a tour. There is also a tradition that about the same time there was a Kilmarnock nightcap in possession of the community, which was for the use of any enterprising member of it who thought of visiting the mainland. The people live almost wholly on fish and potatoes; they dig their fuel from the adjoining moors; their raiment is made by the women from the wool of their own flocks; and ready money is almost unknown in many families. On the whole, they seem to be healthy and cheerful. Female vanity is not unknown, for the girls, finding their complexions suffer from the peat smoke, are said to have recourse to red ink as a cosmetic. The fishermen are mostly bound by debt to the service of the curers, and in their ignorance, when they get a little cash, they deposit it all in the bank, and then proceed to borrow from the curers

for their current wants. Only a few of the men own their boats, and this is a recent innovation. They are idle and capricious in their work, and will allow a good day for fishing to pass because it is in the middle or the end of the week, and next day may be stormy, or because they have no bait for the long lines, or none for the small lines with which to procure it. No crew can be engaged until each member of it has personally agreed with the curer, and a long time is always spent in negotiation and discussion. Even when the terms have been fixed, there is great difficulty in getting any one to sign first, lest it should be supposed that he is in collusion with the agent against his fellows. In August all the able-bodied men go off to the herring-fishery at Wick. As usual in such a case, the combination of fishing and agriculture tends to uncertain and half-hearted reliance now on one and now on the other, and between their boats and their crafts the people come to the ground.

Dr. Johnson, who had some hard words to say of the immorality and frivolity of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, thought that perhaps a pretty book might be made out of extracts from them. The attempt has more than once been made, and is now repeated by Mr. Browning. There is undoubtedly much shrewd observation and caustic wit in the counsels by which the polished Earl endeavoured to smarten his loutish boy, and their general aim is, as the writer constantly reiterates, to teach the value of honesty and morality. A taint, however, runs through them which it is impossible by any excisions to obliterate, for the reason that it is an essential and all-pervading element of the whole system of social philosophy which Chesterfield is preaching. He has no love or respect for truth or virtue for its own sake, no faith in its value to a man in itself, and apart from external consequences. He ignores or sneers at all moral considerations, and argues everything on the lowest grounds of expediency. Then, again, it is not merely such advice as he gives his son about "la petite Blot" that is disgraceful, but the whole tone of the letters in regard to women betrays a melancholy corruption both of heart and mind. Perhaps his condemnation of lying is as characteristic of the inherent vice of the book as anything else. Nothing, he says, is more criminal, mean, or ridiculous than lying, for lies are always detected sooner or later, and thus the liar is the greater sufferer. His reputation is blasted, and perhaps he will be kicked. There is not a word of the moral culpability of falsehood, or its effect on the nature of the person who resorts to it. Lying is bad only because it does not pay; and the conclusion therefore suggests itself that, if it answered, there would be no harm in it. Mr. Browning has had an easy task. He has merely taken a bit here and a bit there, and put them together with commonplace headings, and without any particular order or arrangement or such explanations as are necessarily required in the case of detached fragmentary extracts. His notes are few and insufficient, and mostly secondhand. He has not even taken the trouble to give any account of Lord Chesterfield, or to explain the circumstances under which the letters to his son were written, the sort of person to whom they were addressed, or the effect they produced. Mrs. Stanhope is quoted, but without any hint as to whose was. The very title of the book is a plagiarism. Mr. Browning, in fact, has merely done what any schoolboy could have done, and we cannot say that he has done even that well.

It is a great advantage to have such an edition of Milton† as that which has just been added to Messrs. Macmillan's admirable "Golden Treasury" series. In a couple of small, handy volumes, just the size for a pocket or travelling-bag, we have the same carefully revised text as that of the large Cambridge edition, with illustrations and notes which, though abridged, are sufficient for ordinary purposes, and a new memoir of the poet by Professor Masson. It only requires to be added that what is gained in convenience by the compression of the matter into small bulk does not involve any tax on the reader's eyesight. The type is bold and clear. Many persons will perhaps prefer Professor Masson's brief, compact memoir to his more elaborate exercises on the same theme.

There are no British heroes who better deserve their place in history than the Engineers, and it is pleasant to meet with a new edition of Mr. Smiles's well-known work.‡ While each volume is complete in itself—one, for example, being devoted to Brindley and the canal-makers, another to Boulton and Watt, a third to the Stephenson, and so on—the series, taken together, represents a continuous and complete account of the progress of engineering. It is needless to say how interesting and picturesque Mr. Smiles has made his history. The wide circulation of a book of this kind, illustrating the struggles, hardships, and sacrifices of the pioneers of engineering, and their subsequent triumphs, can hardly fail to operate as a powerful stimulant to future achievements.

The Rev. P. Percival§, who has been for many years engaged in missionary work among the Tamil people, has made a collection of their proverbs which is not only useful to the philologist, but interesting to any one who cares to compare the proverbial philosophy of different races. As might be expected, a large proportion of the Tamil proverbs are old friends with new faces. We may quote a few sayings at random:—The destitute brings forth a

* *The Wit and Wisdom of the Earl of Chesterfield*. Edited by W. Ernest Browning, Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands. Bentley.

† *The Poetical Works of John Milton*. With Introduction and Notes by David Masson, LL.D. Macmillan.

‡ *Lives of the Engineers*. By Samuel Smiles. 5 vols. Murray.

§ *Tamil Proverbs, with their English Translations*. By the Rev. P. Percival. King.

* *Selections from Berkeley*. With an Introduction and Notes. By A. C. Fraser, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Clarendon Press Series. Macmillan.

† *Lewisiana, or Life in the Outer Hebrides*. By W. Anderson Smith. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

child, and it is a female child, and on a Friday, under the star Puradam (an accumulation of misfortunes, Puradam being a star of evil omen). Does the thief steal in expectation of being caught? If he who has the ladle be one's own servant, what matters it whether one be seated first or last at the feast? The alligator thinks the ditch Paradise. When I say I will clear away the jungle to sow cotton-seeds, my child exclaims, "O father! give me a cloth" (as if the pods were ready to be gathered). Will a dog understand the Vedas, although born in a Brahmin village? The father is begging for rice, and the son is performing the ceremony of giving a cow at Kumbhakonam. My father is a great person, uncle; bring fire to light my cigar (pride of wealth leading to neglect of established social rules). Even a buffalo will not abide in a house where it is not regarded. He blew a conch to report that there was nothing, and beat a drum to intimate that there was not even that. Will the cobra be affected by friendly intercourse?

Mr. Bell, in the judicious memoir which he has prefixed to a new edition of Rogers's Poetical Works*, has the good sense not to pretend that Rogers was a great poet, and is content to claim for him a modest place in the history of English literature as "the last of an old school." It may be admitted that Rogers's verses have at least an historical value; and it is worth while to glance at them in order to understand the depth to which English poetry had sunk just before the uprising of Wordsworth and Byron. *The Pleasures of Memory, Human Nature*, and other pieces, have all the appearance of being poetry until you try to read them, and even then the ear for a second or so almost shares the delusion of the eye. It soon, however, becomes painfully evident that the smooth and plausible lines do not contain the faintest scintillation of anything that can be called poetry, and that, in fact, they are only a dead and waxen imitation. The illustrated editions of Rogers are still valued for the sake of the pictures by Turner and others, although these rather tend to make more obvious the lifelessness of the pages among which they are inserted. Rogers himself survived his reputation as a minor bard, and he is now remembered only as a hospitable banker and acrid wit.

A collection of the Ballads and Songs of Lancashire†, which has reached a second edition, and which it is thought worth while to reprint with additions, must be supposed to be appreciated somewhere; but we should think that, out of Lancashire, no one would attach much value to the mass of very poor doggerel which constitutes the bulk of the volume. Besides, nothing can be more absurd than to mix up old ballads and modern songs as if they belonged to the same sort of literature. Lancashire is great in many ways, but we are afraid that poetry is not one of them.

Mr. Hutton's account of missionary enterprise in the Southern Seas‡ begins with Captain Wilson's expedition in the *Duff*, and comes down to the murder of Bishop Patteson. It appears to be wholly a compilation from the records of the missionaries, and makes no pretensions to original observation or even criticism.

Mr. Greenwood, stipendiary magistrate in the Staffordshire Potteries district, and Mr. Martin, the magistrate at Southwark Police Court, have produced a portly magisterial handbook§ applicable to the whole of England. It contains all the statute law relating to the procedure, jurisdiction, and duties of magistrates and police authorities, with notes and references to recent decisions, and appears to be put together, as might be expected from the professional experience of the authors, in a thorough and business-like manner.

The Rev. W. Skeat has prepared some selections from Chaucer|| for the Clarendon Press Series. The introduction and notes are clear and minute, and cover all the points which demand the attention of the student.

Four very pleasant stories for young people of a thoughtful turn, and not without interest for elder folk, have been written by Mr. and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy under the general title of *Toyland*¶. They describe the adventures of various toys in a style which, by its happy mixture of humour and poetical suggestion, reminds one of Andersen. One of the tales is about a pet gutta-percha doll, "Old Gutty"; another relates the adventures of a Noah's ark; and the other two give an amusing account of a little theatre and the people of a toy village.

There is something singularly offensive, and even revolting, in the manner in which Mr. Haweis has chosen to discuss the expediency of substituting burning for the burial of the dead.** It is a subject which touches the most delicate and sacred feelings, and which ought on all occasions to be treated with decent and considerate reserve. Unfortunately this is not Mr. Haweis's view. He has made the accidents of interment and the mysteries of decay the theme of an extravagant sensational romance. There are no doubt some unpleasant circumstances connected with certain forms of interment which demand consideration on sanitary

* *The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers*. With a Memoir by Edward Bell. Bell & Sons.

† *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire, Ancient and Modern*. Collected by John Harland. Second Edition, revised. By T. T. Wilkinson. Routledge.

‡ *Missionary Life in the Southern Seas*. By James Hutton. King.

§ *A Magisterial and Police Guide*. By H. C. Greenwood and Temple C. Martin. London: Stevens & Haynes.

|| *Chaucer*. Edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. Clarendon Press Series. Macmillan.

¶ *Toyland*. By Arthur and Eleanor O'Shaughnessy. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

** *Ashes to Ashes: a Cremation Prelude*. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

grounds; but it is obvious that a controversy of this kind ought to be conducted with becoming gravity, and on the basis of precise and authentic statements. Mr. Haweis is anxious to destroy the prevalent sentiment in regard to burial, but those who agree with him do not require these incitements of horror, while to sensitive minds they must be deeply painful.

Mr. Lockyer's reputation is a sufficient guarantee for the scientific value of the little shilling manual of astronomy* which he has just contributed to the series of Science Primers, edited by Professor Huxley, and we need only say that it is written in a very clear and attractive style. Many larger and more pretentious volumes do not contain a tithe of the genuine instruction given in this tiny booklet.

* *Astronomy*. By J. Norman Lockyer. "Science Primers." Macmillan.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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	Jessie Trim.
	Minor Notices.

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